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SAMELA.

A TRAGEDY IN THE LIFE OF A BOOK-HUNTER.

I.

SOME ten or twelve years ago—the date is of no importance or the exact place—an Englishman wandered down to the north of Scotland and invested some of his superfluous capital in a salmon river. Such an adventurer is often but poorly repaid for his enterprise. He generally finds that the water, which was low on his arrival, becomes lower during his first week, while for the remainder of his stay it is merely sufficient to keep the bed of the stream moist, and give the grouse something to drink. Or there is too much water; the river is running too big, and the fish make their way to quieter stretches above. And it now and then happens, when everything else seems right, that the fish are not up, or, if up, are able to find more profitable occupation for their spare time than taking artificial flies. In such wise the honest angler often makes his complaint. But this fisherman was more fortunate. During his month it rained a little almost every night, while four out of the five Sundays were regular specimens of Scotch downpours. It was very soothing, when lying awake at night, to listen to the drip of water on the roof, or the gurgle of a choked-up pipe in the yard—a lullaby to a fisherman on the dry north-east coast. On Sundays, too, clad in rain-proof gar-

ments, it was pleasant to splash across the hill to the little church, and listen to the minister holding forth to his small congregation of keepers and shepherds, translating as he went passages from the psalms and lessons for the benefit of his southern hearer.

This paper has nothing to do with salmon fishing, or it would be a pleasant task for us to give a minute and detailed account of the good sport which this Englishman—Mr. John Gibbs—enjoyed; to describe with accurate pen the skill with which he chose the temptations he offered to the fish, and the courage and coolness he displayed in the struggles which ensued. There is however something monotonous in continuous success, and it is just possible that the reader, after devouring with avidity the description of the first twenty or thirty battles, might then become a little wearied, a little sated, and wish for a blank day.

Gibbs eat salmon till he hated the sight of it, and he sent fish away to his friends to an extent which almost made the landlord think that the next dividend of the Highland Railway would be affected; four, five, six,—even eight fish in a day. "What slaughter!" some would say, who perhaps get their supplies by nets. But his honest soul was never vexed by such a thought. He knew over how many blank days that white month should rightly be

spread to get a fair average, and he abated not a whit of his skill, or let off one single fish if he could help it.

The recipient of one of these salmon—a friend in the south—was the innocent cause of the adventure which shortly after befell Gibbs. After thanking him for the fish the letter went on to say: “I see by the *Courier* that there is to be a sale at Stratham, so I suppose that old MacIntyre is dead. The old boy was very kind to me years ago when I had your water, and used often to give me a day on his pools, which were very good. He had some wonderful books, and as you are fond of such things you should go over and have a look at them. He said they were worth a lot of money. There was one—of Shakespeare’s—*Hamlet*, or the *Merry Wives*, or one of those, which he used to sit and look at as if it was alive. I thought it was an inferior old article myself, but then perhaps I wasn’t a very good judge.”

Our fisherman was very fond of books, though so far as the great science of Bibliomania went he was uneducated; a man who knew ever so much less about such matters than Mr. Quaritch might know a very great deal more than he did. But there must have been something of the blood of the old collectors in his veins. He could at any time spend a pleasant morning in poking about a second-hand bookseller’s shop, and regarded with indifference the dust which settled on him in the course of his examinations. He loved the touch and feel of books, their backs and sides and edges, even the smell which hangs about the more ancient, seldom-opened specimens. A catalogue had a charm for him which he would not have found it very easy to give a reason for,—certainly not one which would have satisfied any of his friends, who were for the most part of the pure sportsmen breed, and who would have as soon occupied their time in reading a grocer’s or an ironmonger’s list as a second-hand bookseller’s. Gibbs did not parade his little weakness before these friends; he found them unsympathetic, with souls above the arrangement of

type and the width of margins. A large-paper copy, or one with the headlines and the edges mercilessly cropped, was to them a book and nothing more; they cared nothing for the work of the old printers, and you might call over the names of all the famous binders without arousing any enthusiasm in their minds.

“*Hamlet*, or the *Merry Wives* of Windsor, or one of those!”—what possibilities were opened up by these random words! Gibbs knew that the sale was to take place the next day, for his gillie (who was on the eve of being married) wished to attend it, to pick up something for his house, and another man had been engaged to take his place. Now the Englishman resolved not to fish at all but to go also himself.

The sale was advertised to begin at twelve, but it was well before that time when the intending purchasers were deposited at the scene of action, but a short time ago the home of the head of one of the most ancient clans in Scotland. Stratham, as he was universally called, had been an embarrassed man. He had never been able to take in the world the position which was certainly his by birth. His wife had long been dead, he had no children, and for years he had led almost the life of a hermit, seeing few people except his bailiff and house servants. Then he died, and a great concourse of people came together from far and wide to attend him to his grave. He had been poor and little known and of little power in the world; but he was the chief of a great clan, and hundreds of men of his name came together to do him empty honour.

The house had the usual desolate appearance which houses have at such times. People were going in and out, poking and measuring furniture, and laughing and joking as if a sale was the best fun in the world. The lawn in front of the house was littered with odds and ends; it seemed as if the rubbish of half the county had been collected there that day. Gibbs went

into the principal sitting-room, a dingy faded place; some of the bedroom furniture had been brought in to sell there, and half filled it up; the carpet was rolled up in a corner, and near the door the chocolate-coloured paper was hanging on the walls, where careless people had banged it when bringing things in. There had probably not been a fire in the room for weeks, and the air was heavy and mildewy. But Gibbs had no thought for furniture or colour, or even smells that day. Up against one side of the room was a long low bookcase, and as he walked across to it his heart began to jump a little at the possibilities which lay therein.

The collection was quite a small one. Perhaps there were five or six hundred books in the room, the majority of which were unspeakably uninteresting. There were many old works on agriculture, a great number of theological treatises, Hume and Smollett's Histories, a broken set of Rees's Encyclopædia, and a common edition of the earlier poets; the bulk of the shelves were filled up with material such as this. But here and there in the last shelf examined were some books of quite a different kind, shining out from among their worthless companions as gold dust does in sand. It was plain that while the majority had stood their ground there for many years—perhaps ever since they were bought by their first owner—that the few had been well cared for, and had not till quite recently been in the bookcase at all. Someone, looking through the old man's effects, had found them in a drawer or cupboard, and had stuck them at random into the nearest shelf where there was room. There were several books illustrated by Rowlandson, the Three Tours of Dr. Syntax, the *Cries of London*, a fine copy of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. Some of Cruikshank's rarest works were there; the first edition of *German Popular Stories*,—what a dealer would call a spotless copy, in the original boards, as fresh and crisp as if it had just been sent

out from the publisher's office. There was his *Hans in Iceland* with its strange wild etchings, his *Life in Paris*, a large-paper edition in the salmon-coloured wrappers just as it was issued. Interested and excited as Gibbs would have been at these discoveries at any other time he had no thought now but for the quarto. It was not among the illustrated books, and he searched again below among the larger volumes in the bottom shelf. There stood Penn's *Quakers*, as it had stood for perhaps a hundred years, defying dust and damp and draughts in its massive binding. There were old French and Spanish dictionaries, a good edition of Tacitus in several volumes, the Genuine Works of Josephus, and Gerarde's *Herbal*. What was this dingy calf-covered thing lying on the top of the rest, more in folio than in quarto size? Gibbs drew it out, and when he had opened it he gave a kind of gasp, and looked round to the door to see if he was alone. The quarto was merely loosely stitched into the calf-binding which had evidently been made for a larger book; it had been kept with the greatest care, and seemed without a flaw or blemish; it was quite untouched by the knife, and some leaves at the end were still unopened,—left so probably to show the perfect virginity of its state. It was not the History of the Merry Wives which lay imbedded in its pages, nor yet that of the Danish Prince, but—*A Pleasant and Conceited Comedie called Loues Labors Lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere.*

It was manifest to Gibbs that those who had the management of the sale knew nothing of the value of this book or of the few other treasures in the room; they were all to be placed on the same footing as Josephus, or Dickinson's Agriculture, and sold for what they would fetch. He had been hoping and trusting that this would be the case ever since he heard of the quarto, but now, when his wishes were

fulfilled, and he found himself, so far as could be seen, the master of the situation, certain qualms began to pass over his mind. The casuistical question of what was the right thing to do troubled him a little. If he had come across the quarto on a stall and the bookseller in charge,—presumably a man who knew at least the elements of his trade—had asked a ridiculously small price for it,—well, Gibbs would not have thought it necessary to enlighten another man as to his business; he would have pocketed the volume and gone home with it rejoicing. But if on a casual call on a poor and infirm widow he had espied it lying on a shelf, and had gathered that, if he gave the owner half a sovereign, he would not only rejoice her heart but be held up to the neighbours as a man who had done a kind and generous deed for the sake of the poor, the question would have presented itself in a much more difficult light. Gibbs hoped in this case that he would have the courage to tell the old lady that her book was a great deal more valuable than she imagined, and that he would give her at any rate a fair proportion of what it was worth. But here was quite a different affair. The old laird had left no family; his property went to a distant relation whom he had cared little about; he of course must have known the value of his treasures, but he had left no will, no paper saying how they were to be disposed of. Could it be possible (thought Gibbs with a shudder which ran all through him) that it was his bounden duty to go to the manager of the sale and say, "Here is a priceless edition of Shakespeare, of whose value you are evidently ignorant; it is worth £200, £300, for aught I know, £500; it is absolutely unique. Take it to Sotheby's,—and let my reward be the consciousness that I have put a large sum of money into the pocket of a perfect stranger." If this were so, then Gibbs felt that on this occasion he would not do his duty; he felt so sure that the attempt would be a failure that it seemed to him better not to make it,

and he could moreover always make the graceful speech and hand the book over after the sale. So he put the quarto carefully back and went off in search of the auctioneer. As he left the room a thrill of virtuous self-satisfaction suddenly came over him, which went far towards allaying the qualms he had felt before. He might have put the Grimms into one pocket, and *Hans of Iceland* into the other, and buttoned the quarto under his coat, and it was ninety-nine to one hundred that no one would be the wiser or feel the poorer. And he knew that many men would have done this without thinking twice about it, and in some queer way or other have soothed their consciences for the wicked act. It was with a swelling heart that Gibbs thought of his trustworthiness and honesty. But lest there should be others about with hands not so much under control as his, he resolved to take up his quarters in the room, or at any rate never be very far from it, so as to be in a position to counteract possible felonies.

The auctioneer was a stout moon-faced man, with no doubt a fair knowledge of cattle and sheep and the cheaper kinds of furniture. His resonant voice could be heard all over the house: "For this fine mahogany table—the best in the sale—with cover and extra leaves complete—will dine twelve people—thirty shillings, thirty-five shillings, thirty-seven, and six! Who says the twa nots?" And when he had coaxed the "twa nots" out of the reluctant pocket of the Free Church minister he quite unblushingly produced another table superior to the first, which was bought by the doctor for five shillings less, and which was the means of causing a slight coolness between the two worthy men for a week or two. There are few more dreary ways of spending a day than in attending a sale of furniture when you don't want to buy any.

At last the books were reached. The bedsteads, the chairs, the kitchen things, the bits of carpet on the stairs and landing were all disposed of, and

the auctioneer seated himself on a table in front of the shelves, while his assistant handed him a great parcel just as they had stood in line. Gibbs had satisfied himself that everything that was of any value to him was in the furthest corner of one of the lowest shelves; but now at the last moment a fear crept over him that his examination had been too casual and hurried, that lurking in some cover, or bound up perhaps in some worthless volume, there might be something too good to risk the loss of. Some books too had been taken out by the country people, and might not have been put back in the same places. So he decided that for his future peace of mind it was necessary to buy the whole assortment.

It is related in the account of the ever memorable sale of the Valdarfer Boccaccio that, "the honour of firing the first shot was due to a gentleman of Shropshire . . . who seemed to recoil from the reverberation of the report himself had made." No such feeling seemed to possess the mind of the individual who first lifted up his voice in that room. He was a short, stout, red-faced man, the "merchant" of the "toun," as the half-dozen houses in the neighbourhood were called, and being also the postmaster and the registrar for the district, he had something of a literary reputation to keep up. In a measured and determined voice he started the bidding. "I'll gie ye—ninepence," and then he glared all round the room as if to say, "Let him overtop that who dares!" "A shilling," said Gibbs. "And—threepence," retorted the merchant, turning with rather an injured face to have a good look at his opponent. "Half a crown," went on Gibbs—how he longed to shout out, "Twenty pounds for the lot!" But he feared to do anything which would make the audience, and still more the auctioneer, suspicious. This hundred per cent. of an advance secured him the first lot, and the young clerk pushed over to him a collection which a hurried examination showed to be three odd volumes

of the Annual Register, three volumes of Chambers's Miscellany, and the third volume of *The Fairchild Family*.

The second lot were by this time laid on the table; there seemed to be something more of the Register in it, and a dull green octavo gave some promise of a continuation of Mrs. Sherwood's excellent romance. The postmaster again began the fray with the same offer as before. "I'll not bid for that trash," said Gibbs to himself, and it seemed as if the government official was to have his way this time. But just as the auctioneer's pencil, which he used as a hammer, was falling, Gibbs was seized with a sudden fright at the bare possibility of something valuable being concealed somewhere in the unpromising heap; "Half a crown!" he called out in a great hurry, and the spoil was again his own. His surmise as to the Register was correct, but the green covers enclosed the *History of Little Henry and his Bearer*—a work also by the amiable Mrs. Sherwood. When the next lot of books were put up the postmaster wheeled round and faced Gibbs, deserting the auctioneer, and as our friend saw that various neighbours were poking his opponent and whispering encouragement to him, he anticipated that the fight was to become warmer as it grew older.

"Ninepence," said the local champion, fixing a stern eye on Gibbs. "Five shillings!" replied the latter, thinking to choke him off. "Six!" cried the merchant, the word escaping him almost before he knew what he was about. "Ten!" called out Gibbs. Then there was a pause. It was evidently the wish of the audience that their representative should carry off the prize this time, and show the haughty stranger that he could not have it all his own way, that they too, even in Ross-shire, knew something of the value of books. All those who were near enough to Mr. MacFadyen, the postmaster, to nudge him and whisper encouragement to him, did so. With a frowning medi-

tative face the old warrior, trying to keep one eye on Gibbs and the other on the auctioneer and squinting frightfully in consequence, stood, revolving no doubt many things in his blameless mind. "And—threepence!" he gasped out at last, and there went a "sough" through the assembly, and some almost held their breath for a time, so awed were they at his persistence, and at the magnitude of his offer. Gibbs, staring at the dusty heap, thought he would risk the loss of it,—a more hopeless looking collection he had never seen. And it was perhaps advisable to let this old man have something, or he might grow desperate when desperation would be dangerous. So he smiled a bland refusal to the auctioneer, and that worthy, after trying in vain for about five minutes to get another threepence of an advance, had to let the heap go. The postmaster was at once surrounded by an eager circle of friends, and each book was carefully examined and criticised. They were for the most part old sermons, but an odd volume of Molière having got by chance in among them was at once pounced upon, and Gibbs could hardly keep from laughing outright at the reverence with which it was treated. "It's Latin!" whispered one. "Ay, or Greek!" suggested another. "If it's no Gaelic!" interposed a snuffy-faced old shepherd, who had arrived very early in the day with three dogs, and had examined and criticised everything in the house without the faintest intention of spending a farthing.

"Here is an elegant work," said the auctioneer, after he had allowed a long interval to give time for the inspection of the Gaelic treasure; "an elegant work by William Shakespeare"—Gibbs looked sharply up—"adorned with cuts—most suitable, with other beautiful and interesting volumes. Shall I say ten shillings again?" But no, he need not—at any rate no one would corroborate him, and the whole collection became the property of John Gibbs for the sum of one shil-

ling. And so it went on—sometimes there was competition, sometimes not; the postmaster was inclined to rest on his laurels, and nearly every lot was knocked down to the Englishman. They worked along the shelves and at last reached the Cruikshanks. But by these happy country folk the drawings of the great artist were set on a level with those in the Penny Encyclopædia; the Grimms attracted no attention; a little more respect was paid to the *Thrift* and the *Life of Napoleon* owing to the gaudy colouring, but yet Gibbs became the possessor of them for a few shillings, uncut spotless copies as they were. Then they had to work along the last bottom shelf, but here, as the books were mostly folios and quartos and fat to boot, they were got quickly through. Gibbs let go Penn's *Quakers*, for he could read the title, and a Latin dictionary, and some old theological works. When the quarto on which his eyes had been glued so long was reached, his heart was beating so he felt afraid his neighbours would hear it. "Love's Labor's Lost," slowly spelt out the auctioneer, "a Comedy by William Shakespeare; a most"—he was at a loss for a suitable adjective, and fell back on the old one—"a most—elegant work,—by William Shakespeare."

Then there was a pause and a hush. Perhaps the people were tired; the excitement of the sale was over,—for them. But to one man present there it almost seemed as if the quiet which fell for a little while over the crowd in that shabby room was due to something more than this, was in some way an act of homage paid unconsciously and involuntarily to the greatest of all the sons of men. It seemed a profanation to offer for that book the fraction of a shilling or a pound. It was the last, and, before the merchant could get out his offer, Gibbs made it his own and electrified the room. "Five pounds!" he cried out in so loud a voice that his next neighbour,—a meek old woman in a

mutch,—jumped as if a snake had bitten her. Some question as to the perfect sanity of the fisherman had found place in the minds of the wiser and more experienced people in the room as they listened to his rash offers, and thought of the perfect impossibility of any one wanting to have so many books all at the same time. But all doubts were now dispelled, and three good-looking girls who had edged up close to Gibbs to have a quiet examination of him now shrunk away in obvious alarm. The moon-faced auctioneer was visibly affected,—during his long experience he had never seen a book sold for the fifth part of such a price. And what sort of a man was this to offer it when, if he had waited half a minute longer, he would have secured what he wanted for a couple of shillings! But Gibbs cared for nothing of this now,—they might call him and think him what they pleased—and he pushed up to the table and claimed the precious volume. He soon set the auctioneer's mind at rest, "I will wait," he said, "till you make out my account." Then he stood there,—perhaps at that moment the happiest of all mankind.

"I should like to have had that fine volume of Shakespeare for my daughters," said the auctioneer, as he handed Gibbs the receipt, "but you are such a determined bidder there is no standing against you. A London gentleman, I presume—might you be from London?"

"You are welcome to the Shakespeare," replied Gibbs ignoring the question. "It is—an elegant volume. And it is a family edition, which adds to its value. You may safely trust it to your daughters." Profuse were the happy father's thanks for the gracious present.

An old lady had in the earlier part of the day purchased a large and substantial box for eighteenpence; Gibbs now hunted her out and offered her a sovereign for it. The old person was flustered almost out of her life at such a premium, and it evidently aroused some suspicion in her mind that the

stranger might know more about its value than she did. It was not until she had herself examined every corner of it many times over, and taken counsel with all the friends and relations she could get hold of, that she consented to part with it—even then following it up stairs for one more search for possibly hidden gold. Into this box Gibbs put first his prizes, and then the most respectable part of the remainder of his library. But the Annual Registers and the Miscellanies and the green-backed works by Mrs. Sherwood he strewed recklessly about the room, and astonished the people who from time to time cautiously came in to have a look at him, by telling them that they could take what they liked away. With a wary eye on the donor the books were removed, and many a happy home in that remote district is even now indebted to his generosity for the solid collection of works which adorn its humble shelves. If the constant perusal of *L'Industrie Française*, the *Géographie Ancienne Abrégée*, the *Grammaire Espagnole Raisonné*, or the *Histoire de Henri le Grand*, have in any way soothed the sorrows, lightened the labours, and improved the morals of the crofters in this part of the north of Scotland the praise and the reward is due to John Gibbs the fisherman, and to no one else. If, as the old story books say, the books have never been removed, there they are still.

Then the two men started on their way home. We said just now that Gibbs was perhaps for a short time the happiest man in the world; in making that remark we did not take into consideration Archie's feelings. He had bought a flaming yellow-red mahogany horse-hair sofa, three chairs, a clock-case, and an umbrella-stand, and above all a bed,—a real old-fashioned seven feet by five-and-a-half erection, with a sort of pagoda on the top. That he had only a "but and ben," with stone and mud floors, twelve by fourteen feet each, and a door leading to them little more than two feet wide, had not yet

caused him any anxiety. But we believe that before that seven-foot bedstead was got through that two-foot door the good-looking young woman, to whom half of it might be said to belong, expressed her opinion of his judgment in a way which made him shake in his shoes, strong and able man as he was.

When Gibbs reached the inn with his precious cargo he came in for the end of what had evidently been a serious disturbance. The landlord was undergoing with what patience he might the angry reproaches of a little old man, who with uplifted finger emphasised every word he uttered. The stranger had his back to the doorway, as had also his companion, a tall lady in a grey tweed dress.

"It's most provoking and annoying," cried the old man. "I took particular care to write the name of your infernal place plainly!—I believe you got the letter!"

"I got no letter," replied the landlord, "or I should have sent the machine."

"But you should have got it!" cried the old man furiously, "and I'll find out who is responsible! It's scandalous!—it's—" he stammered with rage at a loss for a word.

"You've lost a good day's fishing, Mr. Gibbs, I doubt," said the landlord, looking as if he would rather like to get out of the corner in which the new comers had caught him; they had cut him off coming down stairs and blocked the lower step.

"And I'll see that whoever is responsible suffers for it," went on the old gentleman in a very threatening way; "I'll show you—"

"Oh, man!" said the landlord at last, roused to retaliate, "I got no letter. And I do not care the crack of my thumb for you or your letter, or your threats, or your responsibilities! Here's a gentleman who has just come from the sale and he'll tell you there was naething in it but a wheen sticks and books and rubbish,—a wheen auld chairs and pots!"

The strangers turned round at once to see who was appealed to. The man had a little red, angry face and a long beard,—you will see fifty like him in any town in a day's walk. His companion would have attracted some attention anywhere; Gibbs got to know her face pretty well in the course of time, but though he felt it was what is called a striking one he never knew exactly why. He would have said that her hair was neither dark nor light, that her eyes were grey, her mouth and nose both perhaps rather large, and that she had full red lips—a commonplace description enough which would answer perhaps for three or four out of every dozen girls you meet. She was very tall,—she stood a head and shoulders over her companion—and her figure, though it would have been large for a smaller woman, was in just proportion to her height. She put her hand on the old man's arm, as if to check his impetuosity, and threw oil on the troubled waters as it is befitting a woman should do.

"It is really of little consequence," she said, "though it was provoking at the time. We only wished to have got some remembrance—of an old friend. I have no doubt that there was some mistake at the post-office. Come!" and with a pretty air of authority she led the old grumbler into the sitting-room.

Gibbs was by no means what is called a classical scholar. He had wasted—so it seemed to him—a good many years of his life in turning Shakespeare and Milton into very inferior Greek and Latin verse, and since he left Oxford had never opened a book connected with either of the languages—unless it was to see who the printer was. But he had a misty recollection of some passage which described how a mortal woman walked like a goddess, and he thought that then for the first time he understood what the old writer meant,—he knew then for the first time how a goddess moved.

If a traveller had passed by that lonely inn at midnight, he would have

seen a bright light burning in one of its windows. And if he had returned two, or three, or even four hours later, he would have seen it still burning, shining out like a beacon over the wild moors. The salmon-fisher had forgotten his craft, the politician his newspaper, the admirer of goddesses that such creatures ever existed upon the earth. It was very late, or early, before Gibbs had finished his investigations and retired to his bed, and then his sleep was not a pleasant or a restful one. Unless it is pleasant to have hundreds of other people's poor relations standing in endless ranks, holding out thin and empty hands for help; unless it is restful to have to drive a huge wheelbarrow along in front of them, heavy at the commencement of the journey with first editions, uncut, of the quartos, but gradually growing lighter and lighter as they one by one slipped down the pile, and fell off on to the muddy roadway.

II.

Two parties cannot be long together in a small country inn without getting to some extent to know each other. Gibbs began by the little services which a man can always render to a lady, opening doors, lending newspapers, and so forth. A dog, too, often acts as a sort of introduction to two people who are fond of that animal; and the fisherman was the possessor of a small, short-legged, crust-coloured, hairy creature, answering to the name of Growley, which soon twined itself round the lady's heart, as it did round all with whom it came in contact.

The travellers' name was Prendergast. They had evidently not intended to make a stay in Ross-shire, having brought little with them, but in a few days a considerable addition to their baggage arrived. The old man seemed to be something of a naturalist. He wandered about the moors with a green tin-box kind of knapsack on his back, but he said little about his captures,

and Gibbs taking no interest in such pursuits never asked leave to see what was in it. He also wrote a good deal. The daughter, who rejoiced in the quaint and uncommon name of Samela, spent most of her time sketching; whenever it was fine she was out of doors, and even pretty damp weather did not discourage her if she was in the humour. Clad in a short grey homespun dress, shod with strong but shapely boots, with an immense umbrella over her head, she was able to defy the elements if they were not very unpropitious. She met Gibbs's little civilities frankly and pleasantly, but never seemed to look for them; he rarely saw her when he was on the river, and, when they did by chance meet, a nod and a smile were often all that were vouchsafed to him. Gibbs was perhaps a sufficiently susceptible young man, but just now fishing was his object, and he had no leisure for flirting even if he had found any one willing to meet him half way. But still at spare times he caught himself thinking about the lady more than he did about her father or the innkeeper, or any one else about the place. At lunch-time, and when smoking his evening pipe, sometimes even when changing a fly to give a pool another cast over, her fair image rose up before him. Dinner had hitherto been a somewhat comfortless meal, hastily consumed, with one eye on *The Scotsman* and the other on a mutton chop. But now he was sure of meeting one pleasant face at any rate, and he enjoyed relating his adventures on the river, and looking at Miss Samela's sketches afterwards. Her father was no acquisition to the party; he was generally in a bad temper, and he seemed for some reason to have taken a dislike to Gibbs. An old man with a good-looking daughter is sure of attention and politeness on the part of a young man, but in this case the civilities seemed thrown away—there was little friendly response. Still Samela was always pleasant, and so Gibbs minded the less the somewhat

brusque behaviour of the old collector of curiosities.

One afternoon the former, who had been fishing near the inn, went in there to get something he wanted, and on his way back overtook Samela, sauntering along with a large sketching-block under her arm.

"Will you come and draw a fight with a salmon, Miss Prendergast?" he asked. "There are a lot of fish up to-day, and I think I'm sure to get hold of one pretty quickly. I'm not a very elegant figure," he added, laughing as he looked at his waders; "but Archie is very smart, and, at any rate, you will have a good background in the rocks on the other side."

Miss Prendergast said she was quite willing, and they went down to the pool. As a rule, when a lady comes near a salmon river and you want to show off your skill before her the fish sulk, and Gibbs was a rash man to give the undertaking he did. But fortune had hitherto been wonderfully kind to him, and did not desert him now. He had barely gone over half the water before up came a good fish and took him. For the next ten minutes he was kept pretty busy. The fish was a strong one and showed plenty of fight; but it was at last gaffed and laid on the bank, and the lady came down from the rock she had settled on to inspect it. She did not say, "Oh! how cruel to stick that horrid thing into it!" or, "How could you kill such a beautiful creature?" or, "I wish it had got away!" as some ladies would have done. On the contrary, she gave the salmon—a bright twelve-pounder—a little poke with her foot, and said she was very glad it had been captured. Then Gibbs went up to look at her sketch and was honestly amazed at it. We once had the privilege of watching Mr. Ruskin draw a swallow on a black board,—half a dozen lines, and then you saw the bird flying at you out of a black sky. So it was here; there was no weak or wasted stroke; the strain on the rod, Archie's

symmetrical figure, the more concealed elegance of the fisherman were shown, as the former said, to the life.

"Well," said Gibbs, staring at it, "I think it is lovely."

Its author looked at it with her head on one side, as ladies often do look at their handiwork, and promised that when it was finished she would give it to him. Then she wrote down "dun" for the waders, and "grey" for the rocks, and "dark" where the water ran under the cliff, and a little "red" just in a line with the admiring Archie's nose, and went back to the inn. Gibbs fished out the afternoon, but he thought more about the lady and less about the fish than he had done yet. He pondered a good deal, too, about the sketch, and racked his brains to think if there was any way in which he could make a nice return to Samela for it. She had declined to have anything to do with the fish, which he had at once offered to her, saying there was no one she particularly wished to send it to, or she might have been squared in that way. He might give her a book,—he remembered her saying, the first day they met, that she and her father had come up for the sale to get some remembrance of an old friend. Gibbs was pleased at this idea until he thought him what book he should give her, and then he was puzzled. Of course, as a mere remembrance, Josephus, or *The Fairchild Family*, or even a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* would do as well as another; but then—there would not be much generosity in handing one of those works over. Plainly the lady must be asked to choose for herself. Then Gibbs at once resolved that the quarto should be eliminated from the collection—the sketch would be purchased too dearly by its loss. As to any others, they must take their chance. On second thoughts, however, he concluded to conceal the works of Grimm—all the rest were to run the gauntlet of her pretty eyes.

A day or two passed before he was able to put his little scheme into execu-

tion. It will easily be understood—as has already been hinted—that a man on a salmon river is not—when the water is in good order—quite his own master. Business must be attended to before pleasure here as elsewhere. A start has to be made as soon after nine as possible, and if nothing untoward occurs, a certain pool should be reached at two for lunch. A rest of an hour is allowed here, but the angler would have good reason to be dissatisfied with himself if he did not devote the time between three and seven to steady fishing. This would take Gibbs to the end of his beat, and so far up it as to be back near the inn in time to change before dinner. But he was getting into a somewhat restless state—a little impatient of all such salutary regulations,—and one fine day instead of beginning a mile above the inn he began opposite it—to Archie's great disapproval—and so timed himself as to be back there soon after four o'clock. He knew that Samela would be thereabouts—she had told him that it would take her a day to finish her sketch.

"Miss Prendergast," said Gibbs rather shyly, feeling as if his little manoeuvre was probably being seen through, "you said the night you came up that you wanted to have some little thing from the Stratham sale, and I thought, perhaps, you would like a book. I got a good many books there, and any that you would care to have you are most welcome to." There was something of a conventional falsehood in this statement; there were a good many books he would have been very sorry to see her walk off with.

Samela looked up in his face, and Gibbs was quite sure she *was* beautiful; Venus was her prototype after all, and not Juno; he had been a little puzzled as to which deity favoured her the most. "It is very good of you," she said, more warmly than she had spoken yet. "I *should* like to have something." "It was horrid of me not to have thought of it sooner," said Gibbs. "Well now, will you come and choose for yourself? And may I tell

them to take some tea into my room? I am sure you must want some after your long day here." This second invitation was quite an after-thought, given on the spur of the moment, and he hardly thought it would be accepted. He was on the point of including her father in it when the lady fortunately stopped him, and said she thought she would also like some tea. "But may I stop ten minutes to finish this bit while the light is on it? Then I will come in."

Gibbs went in and ordered the tea, and then opened his old box and took out the quarto which he embedded for the time being in his portmanteau; he had previously removed it from the old cover in order to keep it flatter in the box. It was a hard struggle for him to leave the Grimms, but at last he tore himself away from them. The maid brought up the tea-things, and then, peeping out of the window, he saw the tall form of his visitor disappearing through at the front door. He had a few seconds to spare, and he occupied them (we are sorry to say), in rushing at his box, tearing out the Grimms, and slipping one into each coat pocket. He had barely time to get to the fireplace, looking as self-possessed, or rather as little self-conscious as he could, when Samela came in. She made herself quite comfortable in an arm-chair by the fire, and *she* appeared as unself-conscious and innocent as a lady could be—as no doubt she was. There were three cups on the tea-table, and this caused a little further embarrassment to the host. "Your father—would he—shall I ask him if he will come up?" he inquired.

"Oh, please don't trouble," said the daughter. "I know he wouldn't come if he is in; he never takes tea."

So there was no more to be said, and Gibbs did the honours as gracefully as a man in wading-stockings could be expected to do them, but some little part of his usual complacency was destroyed by an uneasy feeling that while he was so employed Samela's

eyes were fixed on the side-pockets of his coat where the books were deposited, which he was persuaded bulged out shockingly. In the course of time he found himself sitting in another easy chair, on the other side of the fire, opposite Samela—just as a young husband might be supposed to sit opposite a young wife in, say, the third week of the honeymoon. Gibbs began to feel as if he was married, and, what with this sensation and the knowledge of his bit of deceit, somewhat uncomfortable,—for a moment or two he almost wished that the old Professor would make his appearance.

Samela had never looked so bright and fresh and comely as she did that afternoon. There was just something in her position which would have made some girls feel the least bit embarrassed; they would have shown their feelings by little nervousnesses—have laughed or talked too much; after all she was only the chance acquaintance of a few days. But she sat there perfectly at ease, absolutely mistress of herself.

"I have brought you your picture," she said, and she gave it to him. It was a most masterly work in grey and yellow and brown, Archie's nose supplying just the little bit of warm colour that was wanting. "I think you have been a little hard on my waist," said Gibbs after he had sufficiently admired it. "And now will you please put your name to it; some day when you are a great artist I shall be envied for having it."

She laughed at the somewhat awkward compliment, and then in bold firm letters she wrote her signature.

"You have a very uncommon Christian name," he said. "I never saw it before. Is it one that belongs to your family?"

"My father used to be very fond of the old dramatists," replied the maiden—and at the word "dramatists" the guilty Gibbs gave a little start and knocked one of the Grimms against the arm of his chair. "He found it

in an out-of-the-way song in some old play."

"It is a very pretty name," said the criminal.

"I liked the song," said Samela; "I read it once a long time ago. But I think it is not very wise to give a child names of that kind. There is so much risk in it. If I had grown up crooked or ugly my name would have been an injury to me." "It was pretty," as Mr. Pepys used to say, to see how naturally she assumed her good looks. We may mention that before many days had passed Mr. Gibbs's bookseller received an order (by telegraph) to supply him with the works of Robert Greene, out of which he hunted with some difficulty the very charming lyric the name of which stands at the head of this paper.

"And now for your books," said Gibbs, when his visitor declined to have any more tea. He showed her first a great carefully arranged pile in a corner of the sitting-room. There have been exceptions—those who collect fine bindings will at once recall some famous names—but as a rule women do not care for books as men care for them. Probably a large proportion out of the hundred would prefer—if the choice was given them and a book-rest thrown in—the *édition de luxe* of Thackeray to a rather dingy and commonplace looking set of the original issues. Samela was one of the exceptions; she showed a quite evident, almost an eager, interest in the pile. The fashion for big volumes, for great folios and thick quartos has died out,—so the men who deal chiefly in such merchandise tell you; but this lady seemed to be of the old school in this respect, and left the octavos to the last. When he considered he had given her sufficient time for a rapid examination, Gibbs—with something of the feeling with which a schoolboy opens his playbox crammed with forbidden fruit before his master—prepared to show her his treasures. "What an ass I am!" he thought, as he turned the key. "I have done

nothing wrong; and if I had, how could this girl know anything about it, unless she is a very witch!"

"Ah!" said Samela as the lifted lid showed her the inside of the box; then she swooped down and picked up the brown calf covering in which the quarto had hitherto had its home. She opened it; it was of course empty, and she asked the question—why?—with her eyes, looking just then—so it seemed to the uneasy man—just a little like a schoolmistress who was not quite satisfied with his conduct. "Yes," he silently repeated, "I am a fool—and now I shall have to tell a lie about that book."

"Ah!" he replied in a sort of echo to her exclamation. "An old cover; it would do to bind something in." For the life of him he could think of nothing better to say.

Samela looked at the thread by which the quarto had been held in its place and which Gibbs had cut, and then she put the cover gently down. And then he took courage, and did the honours of his box. He expatiated on the beauty and interest of Cruikshank's etchings; he pointed out how much the fine condition of the books added to their value; he enlarged on the spirit and colouring of Rowlandson's plates, and waxed eloquent on the exceeding rarity of the salmon-coloured wrappers. Samela listened patiently to his oration, and when he had finished she made him stand and hearken to a lecture from her.

"I don't agree with what you say about Cruikshank," said the fair mistress. "I know it is the fashion to collect his books, and of course there are some of his etchings that are wonderfully spirited and perfect. I like some of those to Sir Walter's *Demonology*, and there is another book of his which I don't see here"—looking about her—"his pictures in Grimm's *Fairy Tales*,"—Gibbs nearly fell backwards into the box—"which are quite marvellous bits of work; I mean those that Mr. Ruskin praised. But I always think his women are disgraceful; and

when he means them to be pretty and ladylike he is at his worst; he must *sometimes* have meant to have drawn a lady. And Rowlandson too—isn't what is called spirit in him often only vulgarity? Look at that dreadful horse—there is no drawing in it—a child eight years old ought to be whipped if it couldn't do better. And look at that man! Certainly his women have sometimes pretty faces, or rather prettier faces than Cruikshank's, but he never drew a lady either. And I can't admire your salmon-coloured wrappers!"

"I dare say you are right," said Gibbs very meekly; he saw the cherished traditions of years overturned in a moment, without daring to fight for them.

"And now, may I really take any book I like for myself?" she asked.

"Any one," replied Gibbs, who began to wish himself down the river with Archie.

"But some of them are too valuable."

"I wish they were more valuable," said Gibbs, feeling rather faint.

"Well," said Samela, "I shall not trouble Messrs. Cruikshank or Rowlandson." She went back to the large pile and picked up one of the books she had looked at before. It was a medium sized square vellum-covered volume, *De Instituendo Sapientia Animo*, by Mathew Bossus, printed at Bologna in the year 1495. "May I have this one?" she asked. "I like it for its beautiful paper and type, and its old, old date."

Gibbs with more truth than when he had last spoken vowed that he was delighted that she should have it; and he begged her to choose another, but this she declined to do. Before carrying off her prize she looked again at the old chest. It had evidently been made to hold valuables in; it was lined with tin and had a very curious lock, which shut with a spring. But the queer thing about it was that the lock would not act when the key was in it, and Gibbs showed her how he

had nearly put himself in a fix by laying the key inside the chest when he was shutting it. "I was just on the point of snapping the lock," he explained, "when I remembered. I don't suppose any smith about here could pick that lock."

"Well," said Samela as she prepared to march off, "I am very much obliged to you—for the tea, and for this charming book, which I shall value very much, and I am sure my father will too." She added laughing, "I am afraid I read you a terrible lecture, but you must forgive me. I dare say I was all wrong. You know a woman never knows anything about books."

After dinner Gibbs lit a big cigar and strolled slowly down the glen in a meditative mood. In some ten days his month would be up and he would have to leave his pleasant quarters. A week ago he did not know that such a person as Miss Prendergast existed in the world, and now he was beginning to debate within himself whether, before he went away, it would be wise for him to ask her to be his companion for the rest of his days. He had liked her for so easily accepting his invitation, and it had been pleasant to him to look at her as she sat so comely and at home in the arm-chair by his fire. He thought in many ways,—if she said "yes"—that they would get on well together. Of the likelihood of her saying it he could form no opinion. She might be already engaged; or she might be—for all he knew—a great heiress who would look with contempt on his moderate fortune. But as there are more indifferently well-to-do people in the world than wealthy ones Gibbs sagaciously concluded that the chances were that she was not a great heiress. He thought that probably the Prendergasts were not very much burdened with riches; she had no maid with her, and, manlike, he perhaps judged a little by the plainness and simplicity of her dress. But the father and daughter might be criminals flying from justice for all he knew. An attempt he had made to find out from which quarter

of the globe the old man came from had been at once nipped in the bud. In the event of success that old man would be a drawback. Then Gibbs looked into the future. He saw a comfortable house on a northern coast sheltered by windswept trees. He saw a sort of double-barrelled perambulator in the outer hall, and a tall figure emerging from the drawing-room, with her hand to her lips,—as if some one was asleep. Then he looked and looked, but he could see no place for that old man; he did not see his shabby wideawake hanging up anywhere, nor his spiky stick in the place where sticks were wont to be; he could not anywhere get a glimpse of the green japanned knapsack. "If such things should come to pass," thought Gibbs, "I wonder if that old man would care—when he was relieved of the responsibility of looking after his charming daughter—I wonder if he would care to make an expedition to Honduras or Sierra Leone, and collect specimens of his things in those parts. He would have then a fine field for his energies." Then he thought of himself. Did he in reality wish for this change, or was it merely a passing gleam of light which shone on him, and which would pass away as similar lights had done before, and be little thought of afterwards? He was well past the romantic age as it is called, and he was very comfortable as he was. Marriage, unless the bride had some fair dower, meant giving up a good many pleasures—perhaps some little comforts; salmon-fishing for instance might have to become a thing of the past. "It's a devil of a thing to make up one's mind about," said Gibbs with a sort of a groan. So the man argued with himself; now he found a reason why he should try and win Samela, now another why he should get away to his native land as quickly as he could.

These reveries had carried him a couple of miles down the strath. He had just turned when he heard voices before him, and soon in the deeper one recognised that of his faithful gillie,

Archie. Gibbs was in no mood to stop and talk to the lovers;—he felt sure that the weaker vessel would turn out to be Jane,—and he stood off the road, in the deep shadow of some trees, to let them pass. The pair were sauntering slowly along in very loverlike guise.

"He's after her—he's aye after her," said Archie as they came within hearing. "He's talking wi' her, and laughing wi' her, and painting wi' her, whenever he gets a chance, but whether he'll get her or no is a matter aboot which I shouldna like to say. And I'm much mistaken if he isna *smoking* wi' her! If I didna see a cigar in her mouth the very day we lost yon big fish at the General's Rock, I'm no Archie Macrae but some ither body!" This scurrilous observation was founded on the fact that on the afternoon in question, after being nearly devoured by midges, Samela had, at Gibbs's suggestion, tried to defend herself with a cigarette. "Tobacco! wheu! filthy stuff! it's bad enouch in a man, but in a wummin—! You'd better no let me catch you at the likes of yon, Jean, ma lass!"

"And do you think I'm going to ask *your* leave when I want to do aught?" inquired the shrill voice of Jane. "For if you do you're *wrang*!—and how'll you stop me?" Then there was a slight scuffle and a slap and the two happy ones passed on.

"You old scoundrel!" muttered the indignant master as he emerged from his place and continued on his way. "See if I don't sort you for that some day, you sanctimonious old beast! I hope she'll comb your hair for you—what there's left of it—you long-legged old ruffian!" So the old saying was once more justified. Then Gibbs went home with a lot of resolutions and arguments so jumbled up in his brain together that he was quite unequal to the work of laying hold of any particular one and getting it out by itself.

Much to his surprise our fisherman had a good night, and came down to breakfast with quite an appetite. The

old Professor had nearly finished—he was an early bird—and he was just off on an expedition in charge of a keeper to a loch some miles away, where a remarkably fine specimen of the *Belladonna Campanulista* was said to have its habitation. Never had he shown himself so crabbed and unsociable as he did that morning. "Really," thought Gibbs, as he dug a spoon into his egg, "one would think I had done the old gentleman some personal injury by the way he treats me. But you had better be careful, my old cock! You little know what sort of a bomb-shell may be bursting inside your dearest feelings in the course of a day or two. When you find yourself, with a steerage-ticket in your pocket, on board a P. and O. *en route* for foreign parts, you will perhaps be sorry that you didn't treat your new relation that was to be rather better." The old cock took this oration (which was delivered *in camera*) very quietly, and shortly after started for his loch. "It might clear the way if he got into a bog—with no bottom to it," thought Gibbs, as he watched him slowly climbing up the hill opposite. "He is probably beetle-catcher in general to some college—he *would* be a father-in-law to have!"

On the whole he took a rather less roseate view of matters in the cold daylight. "There is no doubt it would be a horribly rash thing to do," said he as he began to fish his first pool, "knowing nothing about them; I think I'll——" then up came a fish and the line ran out and the reverie was ended.

III.

Forty miles away over the hills was another river, rented by a man whom Gibbs knew. Had sport been good, nothing short of an order from the War Office would have torn this man away from his water; but his fishing had been poor, and he had announced his intention of taking a holiday from Saturday to Monday and spending it

with his old friend. In due time this gentleman, Captain Martingale, arrived, full to overflowing with grumbles and pity for himself.

"I never saw such a place," he exclaimed as soon as they had shaken hands. "It used to be a good river, but it's gone all to grass now."

"Haven't you plenty of water?" inquired Gibbs.

"Water! that's the mischief of it, there's far too much! You wouldn't think a big stream like that would be affected by every shower, but it is—everlastingly jumping up and down! You get to a pool and think it is in pretty good order; you turn round to light a pipe, or tie a lace, or something, and when you look again it's half a foot higher, and rising still! And when I ask my gillie the reason, he points to a small cloud away in the middle of Caithness and says that's it! Of course, nothing will take; and indeed there is nothing to take; those infernal nets get everything; they got over a hundred last Tuesday—several over thirty pounds! I saw the factor the other day and told him what a shame it was, and he just laughed! The last time I was there, when old Newton had it, we used to get our four or five fish a day, and here have I been slaving away from morning to midnight, nearly, for a fortnight, and only got fifteen!"

"Oh, come!" said Gibbs, "that's not so very bad, after all."

"Oh! that's all very well for you!" retorted the grumbler. "Look what you've done. In my opinion Scotland is played out for fishing. I shall go to Norway next year; and I don't know that Norway is not as bad."

Martingale picked up a couple of good fish that evening and so became a little more cheerful. He had been shut up by himself for his two weeks and was consequently very full of conversation, which was all about the great object of his life—sport. Before dinner ended he had nearly driven old Mr. Prendergast frantic.

"Seems a queer old gentleman," he

said the next morning, as Gibbs and he started on a smoking constitutional down the strath. "Not much of a sportsman I fancy." Gibbs thought he was not much of a sportsman.

"The daughter is a fine-looking girl, though she doesn't look as if she *was* his daughter. I say, old chap, you had better be careful what you are doing; these are rather dangerous quarters for a susceptible man like you!"

When Gibbs learnt that his friend was to honour him with a visit he resolved to be most careful in not giving him a hint as to the state of his—Gibbs's—feelings. Good fellow as Johnny Martingale was, he was hardly a sympathetic person to confide in when the question at issue concerned a woman. As Quakers have been held to be incapable judges as to the morality of any particular war because they are against *all* wars, so Martingale's opinions as to any particular woman were worthless, for he was against *all* women—so far as matrimony was concerned. So Gibbs made this resolve. But instead of fighting shy altogether of the subject and confining the conversation entirely to sport—which he might very easily have done—he allowed himself to hang about on the borderland, as it were, of the matter, and before dinner time that Sunday the soldier knew pretty well what there was to know. In a solemn voice, and with many shakes of his curly head, he pointed out to his friend the danger of the path which lay before him. He explained,—and really to listen to him one would have thought he had been married himself half a dozen times—all the disadvantages of matrimony.

"Marriage," said this philosopher, climbing on to the top of a stone gate-pillar, and emphasising his remarks with many waves of his pipe, "is a most serious matter." Gibbs climbed on to the top of the other pillar, and, facing his mentor, acknowledged the fact.

"You see," said Martingale, "so

long as a man is a bachelor he knows pretty well how he stands ; but it is quite a different thing when he's married. He doesn't know then what his income is or which are his own friends and which are his wife's. He can't go off at a moment's notice—as we do—whenever he wants ; he has to consider this and that and everything. Look at old Bullfinch ! I assure you he'd no more dare to pack up his things and come here or go to town for a fortnight without his wife than he dared jump off London Bridge."

"Well, but," objected Gibbs, "Lady Bullfinch is such a caution ! You don't often come across a woman like that."

"Don't you be too sure of that ! She's married ; they all lie low till they're married, and then they make up for lost time."

"I don't think Miss Prendergast would ever be like Lady Bullfinch," said Gibbs.

"I'm not so sure of that—you never can tell. She's the son of her father—she's the daughter of her father I mean—and look at him ! How would you like to have that old customer about your house for the next twenty years ?"

"Ah," said Gibbs, glad to be able now to defend his conduct from the charge of rashness ; "I've thought about that ! You know he's a great beetle-hunter and ornithologist ? Well, I would try and get him some appointment in an out-of-the-way part of the world to collect them, and write home reports about them. The Government are always glad to get hold of a scientific man ; and lots of people would help me, I know. I dare say your brother would ?"

"Well, I dare say Bill would do what he could," said Martingale. "And where would you send him to ?"

"Oh, I thought of some hot country at first ; but any out-of-the-way place would do. Onalaska is a fine healthy distant hunting-ground, I believe ; I was reading about it lately."

"Oona—what ?" inquired Martingale.

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"Onalaska—where the wolves are."

"Wolves—what wolves ?"

"Oh ! you know—'the wolf's long howl'—that place."

"Oh !" said Martingale. "And why do you send him there,—to be eaten up ?"

"No, no," said Gibbs. "But when Samela and I are married—I mean *if* Samela and I are married—it would be a great nuisance to have him trotting in and out whenever he liked ; and I believe this place is pretty hard to get away from when you are once there."

"Is there anything for him to hunt ?" inquired Martingale.

"Sure to be—in the summer ; of course in the winter he would have to vegetate—and write his reports."

"Well, there may be something in it," said the soldier, pondering over this summary way of getting rid of a possible father-in-law. "If the old boy is willing to go, it is all right ; but I rather think you mayn't find it so easy to pack him off to such a place—he mayn't care about wolves and vegetation."

"He may not," said Gibbs with rather a downcast face.

"I say, my dear fellow," cried Martingale, nearly falling off his pedestal in his eagerness, "don't you be led into this ! You don't know what it is ! She has no money, you think ? You won't be able to get away from home at all, and what will you do all the time ? Go out walks with Samela, eh ? You'll get tired of that in time."

"Oh, hang it !" interposed Gibbs, "other people do it and seem fairly happy. I think there's something in a domestic—"

"Oh, I know what you mean !" interrupted Martingale. "The curtains drawn, and the kettle boiling over, and the cat sitting on the hob, and you and Samela in one arm-chair in front of it. You can't always be doing that ; and what will you do when all kinds of things break out in the house at the same time ?—measles, chicken-pox, small-pox—"

"You had better add scarlet fever and cholera. People don't have those sort of things all at the same time."

"Don't they? You ask my old aunt; she'll tell you. She had scarlet fever and measles and whooping-cough and erysipelas when she was seven years old—all at the same time. Think of your doctor's bills! Think of all the servants giving notice at once! Think of the cold mutton and the rice pudding at two o'clock! And not being able to smoke in the house! And your horses sold! And a donkey-cart for the kids! And think of all their clothes! Oh, Gibbs, my dear fellow, for goodness' sake don't be so rash!"

Gibbs shifted uneasily on his gatepost. "It sounds an awful prospect," he murmured, with a very uneasy countenance.

"Nothing to what the reality would be," retorted the philosopher. Then there was a long pause, the two worthies sat in silence on their pillars, disconsolately swinging their legs.

"Come, I say, Johnny," said the would-be wooer at last, a sudden light breaking in upon him. "It's all very well for you to sit and preach away like that; how do you know so much about women?"

"Because I've studied them," replied his mentor sententiously.

"I should like to know when. You fish all the spring; you shoot four days a week from August to February, and then hunt till the fishing begins again. I'm sure I don't know how you square your colonel. When do you find time to study them?"

"Ah, that's it," said Martingale looking very wise. "There's a good gap between the hunting and fishing time, and then there are two days a week over, not counting Sundays; and all the time you devote to those musty books I occupy in studying the female woman."

"Then you've studied a bad sample. I know a lot of men who have married, and I can't at this moment think of one who has had all those diseases

you reckoned up, or who eats cold mutton, or who doesn't smoke in the house if he wants to."

"Can't you? Look at old Framshaw."

"Well,—but Mrs. Framshaw is a perfect Gorgon."

"They nearly all turn out Gorgons when they've got you; and it doesn't follow that when a man says he doesn't care about smoking that he is telling the truth; the wives make them say that. I'll tell you what, Gibbs, if I was you I'd be off."

"Do you mean at once?"

"I do," said the counsellor, looking very solemn.

"Oh, hang it!" exclaimed Gibbs, "I can't go till the end of my month."

"Look here," said his friend, earnestly considering, "why not go to my place?"

"But your water won't carry two rods."

"No, it won't. Well, now, supposing I came over here?"

"What! in my place?"

"Well, it would let you away."

"You abominable old humbug!" cried Gibbs, jamming his stick into the other's waistcoat, and nearly sending him over backwards. "I see what you're after! You want Samela for yourself, and my fishing as a little amusement into the bargain! I'll see you somewhere first!"

When these two debaters on matrimony came in to dinner, they found that they were to be deprived of the society of their only lady—Samela had a headache and was not visible. Perhaps Mr. Prendergast had not looked forward with much pleasure to his dinner that night, but if he had known what he was to go through while it was taking place, we think he would have followed the example of his daughter without so good a reason. The conversation soon turned on sport, as it was sure to do when Martingale made one of the party. If it had been earlier, hunting would have been the topic to be discussed; if it had

been later, shooting—now fishing held the field.

"Ever fished in Sutherland?" inquired Martingale of the Professor.

"No, sir, I have not," replied he.

"Fishing is getting played out in Scotland, I think," went on Johnny.

"It is possible," said the old gentleman. "The fact is of the less moment to me as I never intend to fish in Scotland."

"Ah," said the other, who could hardly conceive of any one not wishing to fish somewhere. "I dare say you are right; Norway is better, but Norway is not what it used to be."

"Probably not," grunted the tormented one.

"Oh, no. Newfoundland is better, but the mosquitoes are very bad there—eat you up; and then there's that place—" looking at Gibbs—"Oonoolooloo—what is it?"

"Oonalaska," supplied Gibbs, wishing his friend would be quiet.

"Oh, yes. Oonalaska, a fine place for sport that!" thinking he would do the latter a good turn. "Fine place for—beetle-hunting"—suddenly remembering more about the old man's proclivities.

"I never heard of the place," said the old man, staring across the table at Martingale.

"Where the wolves are," said Johnny, trying to help him out of a difficulty.

"Wolves!" ejaculated the Professor.

"Long wolves, you know," explained Johnny.

"What do you mean by long wolves, sir?" demanded Mr. Prendergast.

"Faith, I don't quite know myself," confessed the other. "Easier to shoot, I suppose. Some one once complained of rabbits being too short—eight inches too short. Now, these wolves are of the long breed, they—"

Mr. Prendergast looked at Gibbs as much as to say, "You are responsible for the introduction of this lunatic," and then glared savagely at his *vis-à-vis*. But the soldier sat with an im-

perturbable look on his handsome face, twisting his moustache, and quite unconscious of having said anything out of the way.

Here Gibbs interposed. "He's mixing a lot of things up. You great owl," he said, glaring angrily at his friend, "what are you talking about? There's no fishing in Oonalaska, and no beetles—and no wolves, either," he added in desperation. Then the conversation drifted in another direction, and, as soon as he could, Mr. Prendergast made his escape.

"You played it rather rough on me, old man," said the soldier afterwards, "about that place."

"The old boy was getting angry," said Gibbs, "and besides, what I said was true. There *are* no beetles in Oonalaska, I have been looking up the authorities, it's too cold for them."

"Then you won't send your father-in-law there?"

"I think not," said Gibbs. "We'll try and find a warmer place for him."

"Well, old chap," said Martingale as he got into the dogcart the next morning, "if I can be of any help to you I will. You may rely on me; but if you have a crisis try and have it on a Saturday. I can always get away that day or Sunday; but I believe that the fish run better about this part of the month, and it might be difficult for me to leave them in the middle of the week, though, of course, if it was very important I would try and manage it." Then with a few last warnings the soldier climbed into his seat and drove off, having performed what he considered to be his mission.

The following day Samela was still invisible, and Gibbs spent his whole time on the river, fishing and communing with himself. The water was as usual in order, and there were plenty of fish up; a man had, as it were, only to put forth his hand and take them. But even a clean-run, inexperienced salmon will become uneasy when the fly and all the casting line fall in a lump on to his nose; and the best gut will go if the whole force of a powerful

greenheart is used to rip it up from a rising fish. "He was thinking he was fishing for a shaik, maist of the day," said Archie grimly on his return to the inn that night. Gibbs lost fish and broke gut, and finally, when trying furiously to lash out an impossible line, got his hook fast in an alder behind him and broke the middle joint of his rod. Then he gave up his paraphernalia to the disgusted Archie, and slowly sauntered home by himself. Out of chaos he had at last evolved order, and his mind was made up. He would *not* make any attempt to woo Samela, *not* watch her sketching, or ask her to tea; above all, *not* give her an opportunity of sitting and looking fascinating in his arm-chair. In coming to this conclusion he was influenced by the facts, that he knew nothing about her and her father, that he could not afford to marry, and, finally, that he was not at all sure that he was in love with her. A good deal of what Martingale had said he knew to be nonsense; but still, if a man will talk enough nonsense some of it will find a home for itself, especially if it is poured forth on a Sunday morning by a man, looking as wise as Solomon and Rhadamanthus combined, perched on a gatepost.

"Of course I will be perfectly pleasant and courteous to her," thought Gibbs; "but I'll take care it doesn't go beyond that; I am sure it is the right thing to do." And having so determined his course he became cool and almost comfortable again.

Samela joined her father at dinner. Her paleness might be attributed to her indisposition; but was it due also to her headache that she seemed disinclined to talk to Gibbs, disinclined to laugh as she used to laugh, to inquire about his sport, and to ask what funny speeches Archie might have made that day? Had she too been making up her mind?

Gibbs had been looking forward to quite another meeting than this. He had anticipated some difficulty in gradually withdrawing the light of his

countenance from Miss Prendergast; he had thought it quite possible that his courage might be rather put to the test when he had to meet her pleasant smile with one just a little less pleasant, and show her, gently but firmly, that he only looked upon her as a casual acquaintance. It was only a strong confidence in his moral capabilities which enabled him to prepare for the contest he expected. But now it was *she* who was cool, *she* who seemed indifferent, *she* who appeared resolved to treat him as she might treat a gentleman, whom she had met yesterday, and to-morrow was going to say "good-bye" to. Never a whit had Gibbs calculated on all this; and when he tried some small blandishments—for the strong determined man was already beginning to find the ground weak below him, and his moral courage slowly oozing out—it was still the same, they had no effect at all.

Before dinner was half over Gibbs abandoned himself to gloomy forebodings. He forgot all about his good resolves—they became to him as if they had never been—thin phantoms which had never really occupied his mind. He cast about for some cause for this change. Had some bird of the air brought to her ears the somewhat free conversation which had been carried on about herself and her parent the day before? Had those sagacious looking black-faced sheep, or some roe crouching in the fern close at hand, delivered a message to her as the modern representative of their old mistress Diana? No; he thought it was more likely that Martingale was the cause. He was a fine-looking man; he was rich; moreover, his brother was a peer, and Johnny bore the little prefix to his name which is sometimes supposed to carry weight with some girls. What a viper! thought Gibbs; and how indecent of the girl to show her feelings so soon!

The dinner crawled along, and at last Samela rose, and with a little bow to Gibbs left the room. And then another astonishing thing happened! The old

man became—not genial, for that was not perhaps in his nature, but—as little disagreeable as he could manage to be. He pulled up his chair to the fire, asked Gibbs if he was not going to have a little more whisky, and said it was a cold night in quite a friendly tone.

“Can it be possible,” thought Gibbs, as he abstractedly poured out for himself a very strong glass of Clyneish, “that this ancient antiquarian knows his daughter’s feelings, and is showing his compassion for me in this way!” And he looked with the greatest abhorrence at the Professor, who forthwith began to give a disjointed account of his adventures on the hill that day. Night brought no comfort to Gibbs. He anticipated a sleepless one; but perhaps his hard day’s fishing in the high wind, perhaps the agitation in his mind, perhaps even the glass of whisky aforesaid stood his friends. After tossing about in a restless way for twenty minutes he dropped into a deep and dreamless sleep.

The following day things were as they had been, only worse. Samela avoided him, and the day after they were no better. The only ray of light thrown on Gibbs was from the corrugated countenance of the old Professor, whose friendship seemed to increase every hour. Then Gibbs became unhappy, he lost half the fish he hooked, and he jumped upon Archie in a way that made that worthy’s hair stand on end.

“She’s heuked him,” the latter whispered to Jane (he had acquired somehow an exaggerated idea of his master’s wealth and importance), “and now she’s playing him, and he’s gey sick wi’t, I can tell you; but whether he will stand the strain o’t, I canna say.” Archie was nothing if not cautious. “I’d like fine to see you trying that game on wi’ me, Jean, ma lass!” and then the colloquy ended in the usual way.

Now it happened one night, after dressing for dinner, that Gibbs was going down the passage, when, as he was passing Mr. Prendergast’s room,

he heard two words spoken in a low passionate voice. They were only two words—“I cannot;” but there was an intensity in the way Samela uttered them which bit itself, as it were, into the brain of the hearer. Our fisherman had felt little scruple when chance put him in a position to listen for a moment to Archie’s plainly expressed opinions, but he was no eavesdropper; he would have cut off his right hand sooner than have stood to try and hear what followed. He hurried down into the dining-room, marvelling what could cause the somewhat proud and independent girl to speak in such a fashion,—the horror and despair in her voice rang in his ears still. Mr. Prendergast soon followed, and announced that his daughter was again too unwell to come to dinner; then as had been his habit lately he inquired with some interest about his companion’s sport, and proceeded to give a long description of the difference which exists between a moth and a butterfly.

After the old man had disappeared Gibbs put on a cape and went out down the glen. It was a wild wet night; the water was running here and there over the road, and he had to splash through it; the wind howled over the unsheltered moor and drove the rain smartly in his face; but the turmoil suited his humour, and he was glad it was not calm and fine. For he saw now—he seemed to see plainly, and he wondered how before he could have been so blind—that the piteous “I cannot” referred to himself. That old Professor had no doubt been making inquiries as to his—Gibbs’s—means, had found them satisfactory, and now discovered that the girl was the obstacle, and he was showing her that she would have to follow his judgment in the matter and not her own wishes.

Poor Gibbs! Never till that night had his pride received so great a shock. He was not a man who in any way plumed himself on his influence with women, he had never in the smallest degree considered himself to be a lady-

killer ; but so far his acquaintance and experience with the gentler sex had been pleasant and easy. He had made many friends among women, hardly, he thought, any enemies. And now, without his having anything to say in the matter, he was being thrust on an unwilling girl ; *how* unwilling he was to some extent able to measure by the exceeding bitterness of the cry he had heard. If spoken words have any significance, then her feelings against him must be strong indeed.

The following morning Gibbs received a telegram, asking him to go that night to Inverness. The affairs of a minor for whom he was a trustee were in a somewhat complicated state ; it was a question whether they ought not to be thrown into the Court of Chancery, and the matter had to be decided one way or the other at once. The London lawyer happened to be in Scotland at the time, and so offered to come as far as Inverness ; indeed, was on his way there when the message was sent, and Gibbs felt there was no course open to him but to go there also.

There was a wedding in the strath that day and all horses were in great demand ; so to suit the convenience of his landlord he sent his portmanteau down early in the day to the station, saying that he himself would walk. As he came down ready for the journey and passed the door of the sitting-room, Mr. Prendergast and his daughter came out, the latter in her hat and jacket.

"I am sure," said the old man, "that you will be kind enough to escort my daughter so far as the post-office. I have a foreign telegram to send of great importance which I cannot trust to a messenger and some inquiries will have to be made about the place it is going to. I can't go myself owing to my sprain" (got on the hill the previous day), "and Mr. MacDonald tells me that a trap will be calling at the post-office in an hour's time which will bring her back."

Gibbs listened to this long harangue

without believing in it. It seemed to him to be an obvious excuse for forcing on a *tête-à-tête* walk between Samela and himself. If a telegram really had to be sent, it could be sealed up, and the inquiry made by letter. He looked, while the father was speaking, at the girl, and he was greatly struck by the change in her face and manner. She was very pale, and seemed nervous and hesitating, as if she wished to say something and did not dare ; a great contrast to the blithe lady of a week ago. Gibbs looked inquiringly at her, thinking she might make some excuse herself, but she kept her eyes fixed on her father ; so he had no alternative but to say that he should be only too happy to be of any service ; and then the two passed out of the lighted room into the twilight road.

His first feeling was one of hot anger towards Mr. Prendergast. "What a brute he must really be," he thought, "to force the girl to take this walk with me to-night when it is quite plain she doesn't want to come. How hateful it must be to her !" A week ago he would have been delighted to have had the opportunity of such a walk : he could have at any rate chatted away in a natural manner and amused his companion ; and now he racked his brains to think of commonplaces with which to pass the time.

But it was hard for him to think of such things in the state of mind he was in. For what had been at first mere admiration had grown into love ; it had thriven on opposition ; the more hopeless it had seemed the more it had flourished, and the deeper it had struck into his heart. It gave a sore shock to his honest pride to think that he should so soon have become an object of aversion to the girl. Mingled with this feeling was one of intense pity for his unwilling companion, and he swore to himself that he would bite his tongue out before he would say one word to her of what he felt.

Gibbs made some remark about the night, and then the two went on in silence. Daylight was gone, and the

moon was peeping up above the fir wood which covered the hill in front of them. The air was warm and moist, and the larches and the primroses, which grew here close up to the heather, made it sweet. It was such a night as might well draw out the boldness of a shy lover or the eloquence of a silent one. Thousands such would be abroad at that time, in crowded cities and fresh country lanes; some in hope, some in fear, some with happiness before them, some, as he was, miserable. The man could hardly realise that only a few days before his greatest anxiety had been about the weather, his greatest trouble, a fish getting away. He had since then conjured up for himself many vivid pictures of possible happiness. A week ago, if the realisation of the brightest of them had been a matter for himself to decide, he would have hesitated to confirm it; and now, some cold fate had cut the string on which he found too late his happiness had been secured.

Samela answered his remarks with monosyllables. He thought it was useless to try and force on a conversation, and for a long time they walked on in silence; but at last this silence became oppressive to him and almost unbearable. They had come to a woody bit of the road which lay in deep shadow, the moonbeams not yet being strong enough to force themselves through the firs. Here Samela stopped suddenly. Gibbs thought she must have dropped something. "What is it?" he asked going close to her. It is not often that one person can plainly hear the beating of another's heart; he heard it then. A feeling of tenderness and sympathy such as he had never known before came over him, and—without taking a thought of what he was doing—he put his arm round her waist. "Samela!" he whispered.

For one moment—for one moment—and the remembrance of that short passage of time will thrill him till he dies—he believed that the pressure was returned. Then she started from his grasp, and sprang from him half

across the road; her breath came short and quick, and she seemed to shake as a patient does in an ague-fit.

"Samela!" he cried again, frightened at her intense agitation. But she could not speak, and the thought ran through his brain that he had been ungenerous in taking advantage of her as he had done.

"You will forgive me?" he asked gently. "I will never offend you so again. I did not know that you disliked me—so much."

"Oh no! no! no!" cried the girl, and her wailing voice would have told him, if there had been any need of telling, whose cry it was he had heard in the room at the inn. "It is not that. Go on! go on! You must go on! I must go back!" She pointed forwards and then herself turned back.

"You cannot go back alone," exclaimed Gibbs; "I must go with you. Nay," he went on as she shook her head and quickened her step, "I will not speak a word, but just walk behind you. You will trust me to do that?" But still she waved him off; he advanced towards her and then she began to run.

"Good Heavens!" cried Gibbs in an agony of despair, "what have I done to frighten her like this!"

"Do not follow me!" she implored; "I beg you!" Then John Gibbs stood still in the middle of the road and watched the shadowy figure till it was lost in the blackness beyond.

Our fisherman was in a poor state to consider an intricate business matter the next day. The lawyer wondered at his absence of mind, that such a one should have been chosen for so important a trust. But at last what had to be settled was settled, and the afternoon found him hurrying back as fast as the Highland Railway would carry him. He experienced in Inverness one of those minor calamities which are not very much in themselves, but which, when great misfortunes happen to be absent, come and do their best to embitter our lives. In a word, he lost his bunch of keys and

had to have his portmanteau cut open. The loss was to him inexplicable. He always carried them in his coat pocket, and he had felt them there after leaving the inn, rattling against his pipe. Now, as may easily be imagined, his mind was too heavily burdened with a real sorrow to give more than a passing thought to this minor trouble.

Gibbs looked forward with great apprehension to his return to the inn. He dreaded meeting Samela; he could not imagine on what footing they could be now; he thought that she must have resented his conduct to her the more because he was as it were her guardian that night; perhaps she imagined that the whole affair had been arranged between her father and himself. At all events he felt it would be very difficult to know how to carry himself before her. And still, at the bottom of his heart, the man had some kind of a feeling that all might come right yet.

The landlord was waiting for him at the station, and as they drove up the glen was eloquent on the glory of the wedding which had taken place the previous day. Such a feast! so many carriages! so many presents! and such a good-looking bride!

"How is the Professor's foot?" asked Gibbs, who could take no interest in brides that day, and was anxious to find out if the landlord had noticed anything wrong.

"There's no muckle the matter with his foot, I'm thinking," replied the landlord; "at any rate he's gone."

"Gone!" cried Gibbs.

"Ay," replied the landlord, "he is that. He went off in a great hurry to catch the first train this morning."

"And his daughter, is she gone?" gasped Gibbs.

"Gone too," answered the driver cheerfully, evidently enjoying the sensation he was causing. "Indeed, I understand it was on her account they went; he told me that she was not well, and that she must see a London doctor at once." And as the worthy man said

this he turned round and looked hard at his companion.

This intelligence was a terrible blow to Gibbs. How gladly now would he have gone through the meeting he had dreaded so much! Gone, without a word for him! He might have explained things somehow. What must she have thought of him? What had she told her father? Of course the illness was a blind. He thought it possible that there might be a note left for him, from the Professor; he did not expect anything from Samela—but there was nothing.

The place looked sadly deserted and lonely. He could not fish that evening; he went to the rock where Samela had made her sketch and stared long at the pool; then he went back to the house and took out her handiwork; he felt some queer sort of satisfaction in touching things that she had touched. So short a time had passed since her joyous presence had lighted up that room; how different it seemed then! He could not bear the sight of his books.

The next day he fished, and came to a resolution, which was to go south at once; his month was nearly up, and he had lost all pleasure in the river. The landlord understood something of the cause which lost him his guest, and indeed far and wide the gossips were at work. Accounts varied, but all agreed that Gibbs had behaved extremely badly and had lost his bride.

He had left some money in the big chest, and it was necessary to get it out. It was then for the first time that he remembered the loss of his keys. He tried to pick the lock but failed, and Archie, who was called in, had no greater success; so they had to force the lid. Gibbs put the money in his pocket, and then stood gazing at the little collection of volumes which had given him so much pleasure; now it pained him to look at them.

Of a sudden he saw something which made him start, and for a moment disbelieve the sight of his eyes. There,

on the top of a book, lay his bunch of keys, the keys which he had had in his hand the night he walked down to the station! He picked them up and examined them, as if they could tell him something themselves. They were quite bright and fresh. By what legerdemain or *diablerie* had those keys found a resting-place there? It was an unfathomable mystery—a mystery which it seemed to him could never be explained.

Abstractedly he took up the calf binding, remembering as he did so whose hands had touched it last. It seemed strangely light; he quickly opened it, and then as quickly let it fall—the quarto was gone!

Some five years after the events we have been at so much pains to relate, John Gibbs was sitting alone in the reading-room of a northern county club; he was just putting down the Times, when the heading of a paragraph in a corner caught his eye. It was as follows:

HIGH PRICES FOR BOOKS IN AMERICA.—On Friday last the library of the late John Palmer of New York was disposed of by public auction. This collection was especially rich in early works relating to America, in histories of the English Counties, and in early dramatic works. Mr. Palmer was well known for his enterprise and energy. In company with his daughter, and travelling often under assumed names, he searched all over Europe for rare books; no journey was too long for him, or price too high, if anything he wished to add to his collection

had to be secured. . . . Under a somewhat acrid exterior lay a kind and sympathetic core. By his death many of the great booksellers of London and Paris lose a munificent customer. . . . There were fine copies of the second, third, and fourth folios—curiously enough the first was wanting. But the great glory of the collection were the quartos, which have been allowed to be, by those best qualified to judge, by far the finest in America—perhaps, barring those in the British Museum, and at Chatsworth and Althorp—the finest in the world. [Then followed a long list of prices.] The greatest excitement was reached when a copy of *Love's Labour's Lost* was produced by the auctioneer. No one seems to have known of the existence of this copy, which was strange, as it is without the slightest question the most perfect copy in the world. Not only was it in beautiful condition and perfectly uncut, but the last ten leaves were *unopened*—a state which is, we believe, quite unique. It measures [so many inches.] It was enclosed in a magnificent crimson morocco case, without lettering on it, made for another work by the English Bedford. This most precious volume was sold for \$3,900, and was bought by Mr. Cornelius Van der Hagen, of Chicago.

After reading this paragraph Gibbs sat for a long time in his chair quite motionless. The day had faded away outside, and the only light in the room was the warm glow of the fire. He sat for many minutes staring into it. At length he got up to go. "It was for him, not for herself," he muttered, —and something very like a tear rolled down his cheek on to the crisp paper below.

GILFRID W. HARTLEY.

ENGLISH WAR-SONGS.

It has been admitted by a rather reluctant world,—at least since the days of Marmontel who gave three particularly exquisite reasons for the fact—that the English excel in poetry; and it is most scholastically true that he who excels in a subject shows his excellence best in treating the best parts thereof. Now of ancient times it has been laid down in various fashions that the two things best worth doing in this world are fighting and love-making; and though the curious little sectarian heresy which calls itself the Modern Spirit no doubt regards the doctrine as a barbarous and exploded crudity, it is not at all improbable that it may see many Modern Spirits out. Therefore poetry being, as we have all learnt, a criticism of life, and these two things being at least among the most notable and interesting things of life, it will follow that poetry will busy itself best with them. Further yet, I have been told that the natives of India, who have had some opportunity of observing us, declare that an Englishman is never happy unless he is doing either one or the other,—sport being included as partaking of both. Therefore, yet once more, we shall conclude that English poetry ought to sing well about them. As a matter of fact it does. With the one branch we have nothing here to do, and indeed no human being could discuss it in the compass of a single article. The War-song or War-poem, however, is by no means so unmanageable, and with it I may attempt to deal. And let it be stated at the outset that, if I do not begin at what some excellent persons think the beginning, it is not out of any intention to insult them. There is good fighting in Beowulf; but the average Englishman (I think

not thereby forfeiting his national claim to good sense) absolutely declines to regard as English a language scarcely a word of which he can understand. For my own part, I cannot see why if I am to draw on this Jutish Saga (or whatever it is) I may not equally well reach my hand to the shelf behind me, take down my *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, and draw on that; of which things there were no end. Therefore let these matters, and the Song of Brunanburh, and all the rest of it, be uncontentiously declined, and let us start from what the plain man does recognise as English, that is to say from Chaucer.

I have before now ventured to question the wisdom of making pretty philosophical explanations of literary phenomena, and I do not purpose to spend much time in asking why in the earliest English poetry (as just defined) there is hardly anything that comes within our subject. Five very simple and indisputable facts,—that our Norse ancestors fought and sang of fighting, both in the most admirable fashion; that the great heroes of the Hundred Years War did not apparently care to sing about fighting at all; that Elizabeth's wars gave us indirectly one of the few war-songs of the first class, Drayton's Ballad of Agincourt; that the English Tyrtæus during the desperate and glorious War of the Spanish Succession could get no further than Addison's *Campaign*, and that the Revolutionary struggle drew from a poet, not of the first rank, three such masterpieces as *Hohenlinden*, *Ye Mariners of England*, and *The Battle of the Baltic*—five such facts as these, I think, should deter any one who has not a mere mania for reason-making from indulging in that process on this subject. The facts are

the facts. There is much excellent literary description of fighting in Chaucer, but it is distinctly literary; there is nothing of the personal joy of battle in it. Eustache Deschamps was an infinitely inferior poet to Master Geoffrey, yet there is far more of the real thing in this particular way in *Ou temps jadis estoit-cy Angleterre*, than in any poetical compatriot and contemporary of the conquerors of Cressy. In the next century we have, so far as I know, nothing at all to match the admirable anonymous *War-song of Ferrand de Vaudemont*. The Scotch literary poets are a little better, though not very much; but if we could attach any definite date to most of the Border and other ballads, we should be able to say when some of the most admirable fighting poetry in the world was written. Most of them, however, are so thoroughly shot and veined with modern touches that no man can tell where to have them. For the actual spirit of mortal combat it is probably impossible to surpass the two stanzas in *Fair Helen*.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide
On fair Kirkconnell Lea;
I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hachéd him in pieces sma',
I hachéd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me!

There is real *Berserk-gang* there; and yet the poem, and even the passage, distinctly shows the influence of the eighteenth century, to say no more. In its present cast and shape the whole of this ballad-question is a mere labyrinth. I do not know a more disheartening study than that of Professor Child's magnificent volumes, with their endless variants which make a canonical text impossible. Therefore, despite the admirable fighting that there is in them, they will help us little.

Skelton Skeltonises in this as in other styles; but the *Ballad of the Doughty Duke of Albany and his Hundred Thousand Scots* is a mere piece of doggerel brag, utterly unworthy

of the singer of *My Maiden Isabel* or even of the author of *Elinor Rumming*. The honour of composing the first modern English war-song has been recently, and I think rightly, given to Humphrey Giffard, whose *Posy of Gillo-flowers*, published in 1580, just before the overture of the "melodious bursts that fill the spacious times of great Elizabeth," contains a quaint and rough but really spirited piece, *To Soldiers*, in this remarkable measure:

The time of war is come, prepare your
corslet, spear and shield;
Methinks I hear the drum strike doleful
marches to the field,
Tantara, tantara the trumpets sound, which
makes men's hearts with joy abound:
The warning guns are heard afar and
every thing announces war.
Serve God, stand stout: bold courage
brings this gear about;
Fear not, forth run: faint heart fair lady
never won.

This, it must be admitted needs a good deal of licking into shape as regards form,—as regards spirit it has the root of the matter in it. Nor does the quaint prosaic alloy which so frequently affects the English as compared with the Scotch ballad prevent *The Brave Lord Willoughby* from being a most satisfactory document. The businesslike statement how, after that unluxurious meal of dead horses and puddle-water,

Then turning to the Spaniards
A thousand more they slew,

is no doubt destitute enough of the last indefinable touch which can transform words quite as simple and inornate into perfect poetry. But it misses it very narrowly, and almost provides a substitute by its directness and force.

I do not know, however, that the real joy of the thing is to be found anywhere before that wondrous *Battle of Agincourt to the brave Cambro-Britons and their Harp*, which Michael Drayton, an Englishman of Englishmen and a poet whose wonderful versatility and copiousness have caused him to be rated rather too low than too high,

produced in the early years of the seventeenth century. With the very first lines of it the fit reader must feel that there is no mistake possible about this fellow :

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer would tarry :
But putting to the main,
At Caux the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry.

There is no precedent for that dash and rush of metre ; and if we look for followers it will bear the contrast as happily. The most graceful and scholarly poet of America, the greatest master of harmonies born in England during the present century, have both imitated it. If *The Skeleton in Armour* is delightful, and *The Charge of the Light Brigade* (with its slight change of centre of gravity in the rhythm) consummate, what shall be said of this original of both ? I know an enthusiast who declared that he would have rather written the single line *Lopped the French lilies* than any even in English poetry except a few of Shakespeare's. This was doubtless delirium, though not of the worst kind. But the intoxication of the whole piece is almost unmatched. The blood stirs all through as you read :

With Spanish yew so strong
Arrows a cloth-yard long
That like to serpents stung
Piercing the weather :
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

I always privately wish that he had written *Shot close together*, but why gild the lily ? Still better is that gorgeous stanza of names :

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made
Still as they ran up :
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

For some time it seemed as though the question with which the poem closes :

Oh ! when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen ?

was to be answered rather by the acts than by the pen. As few songs as triumphs wait on a civil war, and though Montrose might have done the thing he did not. The dishonest combats of the seventeenth century had to wait a couple of hundred years for their laureate and then he appeared on the wrong side. For even Mr. Browning's *Cavalier Tunes* are not as good as *The Battle of Naseby* which, cavalier as I am, I wish I could think was "pinchbeck." No man perhaps ever lived who had more of the stuff of a Tyrtæus in him than Dryden ; but his time gave him absolutely no subjects of an inspiring nature and did not encourage him to try any others. The *Annus Mirabilis* is fine enough in all conscience ; but *Come if you dare*, and parts of *Alexander's Feast* show what might have been if the course of events had been more favourable. To tell the honest truth, the cause was generally too bad in those fights with the Dutch, and the fights themselves (though we very properly call them victories) were too near being defeats, to breathe much vigour into the sacred bard ; while for some fifty years of Glorious John's manhood, from the battle of the Dunes to his death, there was no land fighting that could at once cheer an Englishman and commend itself to a Jacobite. In luckier circumstances Dryden was the very man to have bettered Drayton and anticipated Campbell.

When he was dead there was no more question of anything of the kind for a very long time. The passage about the Angel in Mr. Addison's poem is undoubtedly a very fine one. But the essence of a war-song or even a war-poem is that it should stir the blood ; and this stirs it just to the extent that is necessary to secure a mild *very good ! very clever !* It was really

a pity. Cutts is not such a pretty name as Ferrers or Fanhope; but the Salamander did deeds of arms of which not the greatest of bards need have disdained to be laureate. Blenheim was most undoubtedly a famous victory: the battle, such as there was of it, at Ramillies was of the best kind; and as for Malplaquet, it ranks for sheer dingdong fighting, and on a far larger scale, with Albuera or Inkerman. But sing these things our good fathers could not. Yet they tried in all conscience. It is a rough, but very sufficient test to take the copious anthology of anthologies which Mr. Bullen has recently edited in half-a-dozen volumes for the beginning of the seventeenth century and the last years of the sixteenth, the collections variously called *Musarum Deliciæ* and the *State Poems* for the middle of the seventeenth, and the odd sweeping together of poetry, sculduddery, music, doggerel verse of society and what-not which Tom D'Urfey made out of the songs of his time for the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth. In the first and second divisions we shall find hardly any warlike verse; the third bristles with it. The six volumes of the *Pills to Purge Melancholy* lie beside me as I write, plumed with paper slips which I have put in them to mark pieces of this sort. The badness of them (a few lines of Dryden's, and one or two not his, excepted) is simply astounding, even to those who have pretty well fathomed already the poetic depths of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. They cover the whole period of William of Orange's stout if not successful fights, and of the almost unparalleled triumphs of Marlborough; yet there is never a touch of inspiration. The following is on the whole a really brilliant specimen:

Health to the Queen! then straight begin
To Marlborough the Great and to brave
Eugene,
With them let valiant Webb come in,
Who lately performed a wonder.
Then to the ocean an offering make,

And boldly carouse to brave Sir John
Leak,
Who with mortar and cannon Mahon did
take
And made the Pope knock under.

Here is an effort on Oudenarde:

Sing mighty Marlborough's story!
Mars of the field,
He passes the Scheldt,
And to increase his glory,
The French all fly or yield.
Vendosme drew out to spite him
Th' Household troops to fright him,
Princes o' the blood
Got off as best they cou'd
And ne'er durst return to fight him.

Malplaquet inspires a yet nobler strain:

Monsieur! Monsieur! Leave off Spain!
To think to hold it is in vain,
Thy warriors are too few.
Thy Martials must be new,
Worse losses will ensue,
Then without more ado
Be wise and call home petite Anjou!

At a still earlier period "The two Glorious Victories at Donawert and Hochstet" had stirred up somebody to write, to a tune by Mr. Corbet, Pindaricks to this effect:

Old Lewis, must thy frantic riot
Still all Europe vex?
Methinks 'tis high time to be quiet
Now at sixty-six.

There is a little more spirit in a ditty beginning:

From Dunkirk one night they stole out in
a fright—

but it is political rather than bat-tailous; and for a purely and wholly deplorable failure of combined loyal and Bacchanalian verse, I hardly know the equal of the following:

Then welcome from Vigo
And cudgelling Don Diego,
With — rapsallion
And plundering the galleons.
Each brisk valiant fellow
Fought at Redondellow,
And those who did meet
With the Newfoundland fleet.

Then for late successes
Which Europe confesses
At land by our gallant Commanders,
The Dutch in strong beer
Should be drunk for one year
With their Generals' health in Flanders !

I do not know how long the reader's patience will hold out against this appalling doggerel, which represents the efforts of the countrymen of Shakespeare and Shelley under the influence of victories which might have made a Campbell of "hoarse Fitzgerald." There is plenty more if any one likes it. I can tell him how the victory over the Turks proved that,

Christians thus with conquest crowned,
Conquest with the glass goes round,
Weak coffee can't keep its ground
Against the force of claret.

How,

The Duke then to the wood did come
In hopes Vendosme to meet,
When lo ! the Prince of Carignan
Fell at his Grace's feet.
Oh, gentle Duke, forbear ! forbear !
Into that wood to shoot,
If ever pity moved your Grace
But turn your eyes and look !

This is an extract taken from a delightful ballad in which the historical facts of Oudenarde are blended quaintly with the Babes in the Wood. Then we hear how,

The conquering genius of our isle returns,
Inspired by Ann the godlike hero burns.

We are told of Marlborough himself,

Thus as his sprightly infancy was still
inured to harms,
So was his noble figure still adorned with
double charms.

While the selection may be appropriately finished by the exordium of an indignant bard who cries—

Ulm is gone,
But basely won,
And treacherous Bavaria there has buried
his renown :
That strolling Prince
Who few years since
Was crammed with William's gold !

Macaulay, who read everything at some time or other, had probably not read these when he wrote on Addison, or he would have selected some of them to point still further the contrast of *The Campaign*. The poor man who wrote about the "capering beast" was a genius compared to most of the known or unknown authors of these marvellous exertions, which would seem to have been compassed after the effusion of liquor they generally recommend.

Few glories attended the British arms, on land and in Europe, from the setting of Corporal John's star to the rising of that of the Duke ; but the true singer, if he had been anywhere about, might have found plenty of employment with the Navy. Unfortunately he was not, and his substitutes preferred to write *Admiral Hosier's Ghost*, or else melancholy lines like those of Langhorne, which no human being would now remember if Scott had not as a boy remembered them in the presence of Burns.

The last name brings us to a poet who ought to have sung of war even better than he did. As it is, there is as little mistake as possible about *Scots Wha Hae*, as about *Agincourt*, or *Ye Mariners of England* ; while for compressed and undiluted fire it has the advantage of both. It is characteristic, however, of the unlucky rant about freedom which Burns had got into his head, that the "chains and slavery" (which really were very little ones) play an even more prominent part than that pure and generous desire to thrash the person opposed to you, because he is opposed to you, because he is not "your side," which is the true motive of all the best war-songs. This (though in neither example is there equal poetical merit) is more perceptible in the light but capital "I am a Son of Mars" of the *Jolly Beggars*, and in those delightful verses of "Scotch Drink," which so did shock the delicate nerves of Mr. Matthew Arnold, and so do shock still the sensitive conscience of the modern

Liberal, who thinks war a dreadful thing and carnage anything but God's daughter.

Our chief writer of war-songs, however (for Dibdin's capital songs are not quite such capital poetry), is beyond doubt or question Thomas Campbell; and a very hard nut is the said Thomas for "scientific" criticism to crack. He certainly belonged to a warlike family of a warlike nation; but he shared this advantage with some millions of other Scotchmen, and some thousands of other Campbells. The "esthopsychological" (Heaven save us!) determining cause of his temperament is not precisely or eminently apparent. He was not, as Burns was, of a romantic or adventurous disposition, being all his life a quiet literary gentleman. He was tolerably prosperous, despite his being an excessively bad arithmetician and husband of his money. He had, after early struggles, a nice little pension, a nicer little legacy, some lucrative appointments and commissions. He lived chiefly at Sydenham and Boulogne, though on his travels in Germany he did hear, and even perhaps see, shots fired in anger. He also possessed at one period three hundred pounds in bank-notes rolled up in his slippers. He was not ungenerously devoted to port wine, was somewhat less generously *not* devoted to his poetical rivals, was well looked after by his wife while she lived, and afterwards by a niece, and died on the verge of three score years and ten, if not an exceedingly happy or contented, yet on the whole a sufficiently fortunate man. He was especially fortunate in this, that probably no man ever gained so early and kept so long such high literary rank on the strength of so small a literary performance. In the very year of his reaching man's estate, the *Pleasures of Hope* seated him at once on the Treasury Bench in the contemporary session of the Poets, and unlike most occupants of Treasury Benches, he was never turned off. Many far greater poets appeared during the nearly fifty

years which passed between that time and his death; but they were greater in perfectly different fashions. That what may be called his official, and what may be called his real titles to his position were not the same, may be very freely granted. But he had real titles. The curious thing is that even the official titles were so very modest in volume. Setting his *Specimens of the British Poets* aside, all his literary work (which is not in itself very large outside the covers of his Poems) is as nearly as possible valueless. The Poems themselves, the work of a long lifetime, do not fill three hundred small pages, and those of them which are really worth much, would not, I think, be very tightly packed in thirty. The *Pleasures of Hope* itself is beyond doubt the best of that which I should not include. It is one of the very best school exercises ever written; it has touches which only a school-boy of genius could achieve. But higher than a school exercise it cannot be ranked. The other longer poems are far below it. *Gertrude of Wyoming* has several famous and a smaller number of excellent lines; but it is as much of an artificial conglomerate, and as little of an original organism as the *Pleasures of Hope*, and the choice of the Spenserian stanza is simply disastrous. "Iberian seemed his boot,"—the boot of the hero to the eyes of the heroine. To think that a man should, in a stanza consecrated to the very quintessence of poetical poetry—a stanza in which, far out of its own period and in mid-eighteenth century, Thomson had written the *Castle of Indolence*, in which, before Campbell's own death, Mr. Tennyson was to write the *Lotus Eaters*,—deliver himself of the phrase, "Iberian seemed his boot"!

But by so much as *Gertrude of Wyoming* is worse than the *Pleasures of Hope*, by as much is *Theodric* worse than *Gertrude of Wyoming* and the *Pilgrim of Glencoe* worse again than *Theodric*. There are not more than five or six hundred lines, including as

usual some good ones, in the last-named poem; but though I have just re-read it before writing this I have not the dimmest idea of what really happens. Theodric makes love to two young women, a most reprehensible though not uncommon practice, and they both die. One is named Constance and the other Julia; and the last lines of Constance's last letter to Theodric are rather pretty. She bids him not despair:

I ask you by our love to promise this
And kiss these words, where I have left a
kiss;
The latest from my living lips to yours.

But they are quite the best in the poem, which is too short to have any narrative interest, and too long to possess any other. Of the *Pilgrim of Glencoe* it is enough to say that the most enthusiastic Campbellites have seldom been able to say a word for it, that it is rather in Crabbe's style than in the author's own, and that Crabbe has not to my knowledge ever written anything so bad as a whole.

Even when we come to the shorter poems almost endless exclusions and allowances have to be made. Campbell has left some exceedingly pretty love-songs, not I think very generally known, the best of which are "Withdraw not yet those Lips and Fingers," and "How Delicious is the Winning." But there is no great originality about them, and they are such things as almost any man with a good ear and an extensive knowledge of English poetry could write nearly as well. Almost everything (I think everything) of his that is really characteristic and really great is comprised in the dozen poems as his works are usually arranged (I quote the Aldine Edition) between *O'Connor's Child* and the *Soldier's Dream*, with the addition of the translated song of Hybrias the Cretan and, if anybody likes, *The Last Man*. Even here the non-war-like poems cannot approach the war-like ones in merit. The fighting pass-

ages of *O'Connor's Child* itself are much the best. *Glenara* (which by the way ends with a line of extraordinary imbecility) is not a very great thing except in the single touch,

Each mantle unfolding a dagger displayed.

The Exile of Erin is again merely pretty, and I should not myself care to preserve a line of *Lord Ullin's Daughter* except the really magnificent phrase,

And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

As a whole the *Lines written on revisiting a Scene in Argyllshire*, with their admirable picture of the forsaken garden, seem to me the best thing Campbell did out of the fighting vein.

But in that vein how different a man he was! As a mere boy he had tried it, or something like it, feebly enough in *The Wounded Hussar*; and he showed what he could do in it, even when the subject did not directly touch his imagination, by his spirited paraphrase of the Hybrias fragment. His devotion to the style (which appears even in pieces ostensibly devoted to quite different subjects such as the *Ode to Winter*) is all the more remarkable that Campbell was a staunch member of that political party in England which hated the war. But it was a clear case of over-mastering idiosyncrasy. It is an odd criticism of the late Mr. Allingham's (to be matched, however, with several others in his remarks on Campbell) that his selection of Thomas Penrose's poem beginning,

Faintly brayed the battle's roar,
Distant down the hollow wind,
Panting terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind,

shows "how tolerant a true poet like Campbell could be of the most frigid and stilted conventionality of diction." Most certainly he could be so tolerant; but his tolerance here had clearly nothing to do with the style. He was led away, as nearly everybody is, by his sympathy with the matter.

Indeed before long Mr. Allingham recollects himself, and says, "Battle subjects always took hold on him." They certainly did.

I do not care much for *The Soldier's Dream* as a whole. Most of it is trivial and there is an astonishing disregard of quantity throughout, any three syllables being apparently thought good enough to make an anapest. But the opening stanza is grand :

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud
had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in
the sky :
And thousands had sunk on the ground
overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to
die.

Pictorially and poetically both, that is about as good as it can be. *Lochiel's Warning* has no single passage as good : but it is far better as a whole, despite some of the same metrical shortcomings. The immortal "Field of the dead rushing red on the sight," the steed that "fled frantic and far" (and inspired thereby one of the finest passages of another Thomas), the hackneyed but admirable "All plaided and plumed in their tartan array," the "coming events" that a man may admire but hardly now quote—these and other things would save any copy of verses.

But still nothing can touch the immortal Three—*Hohenlinden*, *The Battle of the Baltic*, and *Ye Mariners of England*. What does it matter that no one of them is without a blemish, that *Ye Mariners* is almost a paraphrase of a good old ballad by good old Martin Parker, king of the ballad-mongers of England, that (as a certain kind of critic is never tired of telling us) there is not so much as a vestige of a wild and stormy steep at Elsinore, that to say "sepulchree" as we evidently must in *Hohenlinden* is trying if not impossible? Campbell, who is in prose a little old-fashioned perhaps and slightly stilted, but on stilts with the blood in them if I may say so, who gave his

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reasons for thinking the launch of a line-of-battle ship "one of the sublime objects of artificial life," deserved to write *The Battle of the Baltic*. And he did more, Sempronius, he wrote it. There is not a stanza of it in which you may not pick out something to laugh or to cavil at if you choose. There is not one, at least in its final form, which does not stir the blood to fever-heat. *Ye Mariners of England* is much stronger in the negative sense of freedom from faults, only the last stanza being in any serious degree vulnerable ; and the felicity of the rhythm is extraordinary. The second and third stanzas are as nearly as possible faultless. Matter and manner could not be better wedded, nor could the whole fire and force of English patriotism be better managed so as to inform and vivify metrical language.

But I am not certain that if I were not an Englishman I should not put *Hohenlinden* highest of the three. It is less important "to us," it appeals less directly to our thought and sentiment, it might have been written by a man of any country,—always provided that his country had such a language to write in. Also it has a few of Campbell's besetting slips. "Scenery" is weak in the second stanza, and I could witness the deletion of the seventh altogether with some relief and satisfaction. "Sepulchre" is so exceedingly good in itself that the sense that we ought to call it "sepulchree," as aforesaid, is additionally annoying,—though by the way Glorious John would have called upon us to do the same thing without the slightest hesitation. But the poem is imitated from nothing and so stands above *Ye Mariners* ; its blemishes are trifling in comparison with the terrible

Then the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene,

(where the last line except with much good will to help it is sheer and utter nonsense) and other things in *The Battle of the Baltic*. Moreover the concerted music of its rolling metre is

unsurpassed. The triplets of each stanza catch up and carry on the sweep of the fourth line of the preceding in a quite miraculous manner; and that mixed poetic and pictorial touch which has been noted in Campbell appears nowhere so well. Although to me, as to everybody, it has been familiar ever since I was about seven years old, I never can get over my surprise at the effect of so hackneyed a word as "artillery." Indeed I knew a paradoxer once who maintained that this was due to the inspiration which made Campbell prefix "red"; "For," said he, "we are accustomed to see the Artillery in blue."

Nearly a hundred years, more fertile in good poetry and bad verse than any similar period in the history even of England, have passed since in the course of a few months Campbell sketched, if he did not finish, all his three masterpieces. The poetry and the verse both have done their share of battle-writing. Of the great poets who were Campbell's contemporaries and superiors none quite equalled him in this way; though Scott ran him hard, and Byron, never perhaps writing a war-song of the first merit, abounded in war-poetry of a very high excellence. Scott could do it better than he could do almost anything else in verse; and if volume and degrees of merit are taken together the prize must be his. Nothing can beat the last canto of *Marmion* as narrative of the kind; few things can equal the regular lyrics, of which *Bonnie Dundee* if not the best is the best known, and the scores of battle-snatches of which Elspeth Cheyne's version of the battle of Harlaw may rank first. The Lakers were by temperament rather than by principle unfitted for the style; though if Coleridge, in the days of *The Ancient Mariner*, had tried it we should have had some great thing. Shelley, though a very pugnacious person, thought fighting wicked; and Keats, though he demolished the butcher, did not sing of war. Moore is not at his best in such things. In

fact they have a knack of being written by poets otherwise quite minor, such as Wolfe of the not undeservedly famous *Burial of Sir John Moore*, a battle-piece surely rather than a mere dirge. The Epigoni of the great school of 1800—1830 have been on the whole more fruitful than that school itself, though nothing that they have done can quite touch Campbell in fire, and though they have never surpassed Drayton in a sort of buoyant and unforced originality which excludes all idea of the mere literary copy of verses. One of the earliest and certainly one of the best of them in this kind (for Peacock's immortal *War Song of Dinas Vawr* is too openly satirical) was Macaulay. I wish I had space here to destroy once for all (it could easily be done to the satisfaction of any competent tribunal) the silly prejudice against Macaulay's verse which, as a result of an exaggerated following of the late Mr. Arnold by criticsasters, is still, among criticsasters, common. In Mr. Arnold himself I suspect the prejudice to have been partly mere crotchet (for great critic as he was on his day he was full of crotchets), partly perhaps due to some mere personal dislike of the kind which Macaulay very often excited in clever and touchy young men, but partly and also perhaps principally to the fact that Mr. Arnold belonged to a generation which affected to look on war as a thing barbarous and outworn, and that he himself had no liking for and was absolutely unskilled in war-verse. *Sohrab and Rustum* is in parts, and especially in its famous close, a very fine poem indeed; but of the actual fighting part I can only say "its tameness is shocking to me." Still if Mr. Arnold really disliked the *Lays of Ancient Rome* he was quite right to say so; it is not easy to be equally complimentary to those who affect to dislike them because they think it the right thing to do. Tried by the standard of impartial criticism Macaulay is certainly not a great poet, nor except in

this one line a poet at all. Even in this line his greatness is of the second not of the first order, for the simple reason that it is clearly derivative. "No Sir Walter, no Lays" is not a critical opinion; it is a demonstrable fact. Granting so much, I do not see how sane criticism can refuse high, very high, rank to the said Lays, and the smaller pieces of the same kind such as *Ivry* and *Naseby*, and those much less known but admirable verses which tell darkly what happened

When the crew with eyes of flame brought
the ship without a name
Alongside the Last Buccaneer.

For the test of this kind of verse is much simpler and more unerring than that of any other. If in the case of a considerable number of persons of different ages, educations, ranks, and so forth, it induces a desire to walk up and down the room, to shout, to send their fists into somebody else's face, then it is good and there is no more to be said. That it does not cause these sensations in others is no more proof of its badness than it is a proof that a match is bad because it does not light when you rub it on cotton wool.

The still common heresy on the subject has made it necessary to dwell a little thereon. The great mass of Victorian war-poetry it is only possible to pass as it were in review by way rather of showing how much there is and how good than of criticising it in detail. Aytoun's *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, admirable in spirit, too often fall, so far as expression goes, into one or other of two great pit-falls,—sing-song and false notes. Moreover they are deeply in debt, not merely to Scott, but to Macaulay himself. Yet should *The Heart of the Bruce*, and *The Island of the Scots* not pass unnoticed here. Lord Tennyson, whose future critics will be at least as much struck by the variety as by the intensity of his poetical talent, is excellent at it. Some otherwise fervent admirers of his are, I believe, dubious about *The Charge of the Light Brigade*; I have myself no

doubt whatever, though it is unequal. Still more unequal are *The Revenge* and *Lucknow*. But the quasi-refrain of the latter,

And ever upon the topmost roof our
banner of England blew,

is surpassed for the special merit of the kind by no line in the language, though it is run hard by the passage in the former beginning

And the sun went down, and the stars
came out far over the summer sea.

There are flashes and sparks of the same fire all over the Laureate's poems, as in the splendid

Clashed with his fiery few and won

of the Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, or the still finer distich,

And drunk delight of battle with my peers
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy,

and the first stanza of *Sir Galahad* and a score of others. Of Mr. Browning's famous Cavalier Tunes already mentioned, "Give a Rouse" is the only one I care much for; the two others are artificial with anything but cavalier artificiality. *Hervé Riel* is not quite a war-song (albeit the art of judicious running away is no small part of war) but has more of the true spirit, *Through the Metidja* more still (for all its mannerism, it is the only successful attempt I know to give the very sound and rhythm of cymbals in English verse), and perhaps *Prospice*, though only metaphorically a fighting-piece, most of all. For, let it be once more repeated, it is the power of exciting the combative spirit in the reader that makes a war-song.

We shall find this power present abundantly in many poets during these last days. In hardly any department perhaps is Mr. Swinburne's too great facility in allowing himself to be mastered by instead of mastering words more to be regretted, for no one has ever excelled him in command both of the rhythms and the language necessary for the style. Even as it is

the *Song in Time of Order* hits the perfectly right note in respect of form and spirit. There is plenty of excellent stuff of the sort in a book which some affect to despise,—Mr. William Morris' *Defence of Guinevere*—plenty more in his later work. Charles Kingsley ought to have left us something perfect in the manner, and though he never exactly did, *The Last Buccaneer*, that excellent ballad where

They wrestled up, they wrestled down,
They wrestled still and sore,

the opening of

Evil sped the battle-play
On the Pope Calixtus' day,

and the last lines of the *Ode to the North-East Wind* have all the right touch, the touch which has guided us through this review. That touch is to be found again in Sir Francis Doyle's *Return of the Guards*, his *Private of the Buffs*, and most of all in his *Red Thread of Honour*, one of the most lofty, insolent and passionate things concerning this matter that our time has produced.

But here we are reaching dangerous ground, the ground occupied, and sometimes very well occupied, by younger living writers. It is better to decline this and close the survey. It has shown us some excellent, and even super-excellent things, some of surpassing and gigantic badness, a very great deal that is good and very good. I do not think any other language can show anything at all approaching it, excluding of course Spanish and other ballads. Despite the excellence of Old French in this kind, and despite the abundant military triumphs of the modern nation, the modern language of France has given next to nothing of merit in it. The *Marseillaise* itself, really remarkable for the way in which it marries itself to a magnificent tune is, when divorced from that tune, chiefly rubbish. The Germans,—with one imperishable thing in the pure style, Körner's *Schwertlied* (sometimes sneered at by the same class of persons

who sneer at Macaulay), and a few others, such as Heine's *Die Grenadiere* in the precincts of it—have little that is very remarkable. In these and other European languages, so far as I know, you often get war-pictures rendered in verse not ill, but seldom the war-spirit rendered thoroughly in song or snatch. Certain unpleasant ones will tell us that as the fighting power dies down, so the power of singing increases, that "poets succeed better in fiction than in fact," as Mr. Waller, both speaker and hearer being persons of humour, observed to his Majesty Charles II. on a celebrated occasion. Luckily, however, that *Ballad to the Brave Cambro-Britons and their Harp* and *The Battle of the Baltic* will settle this suggestion. It will hardly be contended that the countrymen and contemporaries of Drayton, that the contemporaries and countrymen of Campbell, had lost the trick of fighting. Look too at Le Brun (Pindare) and his poem on the *Vengeur*, a very few years earlier than *The Battle of the Baltic* itself. Le Brun belonged to very much the same school of poetry as the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, and I do not know that on the whole he was a very much worse poet. The fictitious story of the *Vengeur* on which he wrote, and which he not at all improbably believed (as most Frenchmen do to this day) was even fresher than Copenhagen to Campbell, and far more exciting. Yet scarcely even those woful contemporaries of Corporal John, from whom I have unfilially drawn the veil, made a more hopeless mess of it than Le Brun. The spirit of all poetry blows where it listeth, but the spirit of none more than of the poetry of war. Let us hold up our hands and be thankful that it has seen fit to blow to us in England such things as *Agincourt*, as *Scots Wha Hae*, as *Ye Mariners of England*, and a hundred others not so far inferior to them.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE CENTENARY OF BOSWELL.

On the sixteenth day of May, 1791, was given to the world a work that was not only admirable in itself, but which marks the beginning of a new era in the art of the biographer. For Boswell has stripped biography of its formal solemnity and has torn off its full-bottomed wig, its robes, and its furred gowns, beneath which all was hidden. He has done for it the same great service which nearly fifty years earlier his friend Garrick had done for the stage. Richard Cumberland, the play-writer, has described for us the scene which he witnessed one night at Drury Lane Theatre, when from the front row of the gallery he, a young Westminster scholar, saw the old order and the new meet in opposition. "Upon the rising of the curtain Quin presented himself in a green velvet-coat embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled, square-toed shoes. With very little variation of cadence, and in a deep full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the senate than of the stage in it, he rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference, that seemed to disdain the plaudits that were bestowed upon him.

But when after long and eager expectation I first beheld little Garrick, then young and light and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage—heavens! what a transition!—it seemed as if a whole century had been stepped over in the transition of a single scene." The new order did not at once gain the day; that night Quin was more loudly clapped than Garrick.

So the new method of biography was not at once triumphant. Dr. Parr swelled with pride at the very thought of his own *Life of Johnson*,

had he ever written it. "I once intended," he said, "to write Johnson's life; and I had read through three shelves of books to prepare myself for it. It would have been the third most learned work that has ever yet appeared. It would have come next to Bentley on the Epistles of Phalaris and Salmasius on the Hellenistic Language. Mine should have been not the droppings of Johnson's lips, but the history of his mind." It would have been so uniform in its stately ponderosity, that even the famous stamp would most certainly have been passed over in silence, which he gave that evening when he argued with Johnson about the liberty of the press. "Whilst Johnson was arguing, I observed that he stamped. Upon this I stamped. Dr. Johnson said, 'Why did you stamp, Dr. Parr?' I replied, 'Because you stamped; and I was resolved not to give you the advantage even of a stamp in the argument.'" It would have added one, or perhaps two more, to that pile of eight thick volumes in which Parr's learning has been buried past all hopes of a resurrection by the piety of his friend and executor.

But what Parr had planned for Johnson, other writers did for their heroes. Biography was still, for a brief time, to keep its wonted state, and flow with majestic train. Dugald Stewart, a man whose name was received with as much respect as Boswell's was with ridicule, in spite of the new example so lately set him by a brother Scot, treated Adam Smith, Robertson, and Reid with the old-fashioned solemnity, and instead of raising to them a memorial buried them beneath a monument. In many other lives dull dignity solemnly struggled on, but struggled in vain. Henceforth a man's biography was no

longer to be like one of Kneller's portraits, and do for anybody. A new school sprang into existence, but though many skilful writers have since worked in it, Boswell remains the head as well as the founder. Boswell has not only, as he boasted, Johnsonised the land, but he has Boswellised the biographers. He does not, it is true, claim for himself the merit of the invention of this new style. He is, he says, enlarging upon the excellent plan of Mr. Mason in his memoirs of Gray. Horace Walpole had been struck with the novelty of Mason's method. "You have fixed," he said, "the method of biography, and whoever will write a life will must imitate you." Boswell did imitate him as he acknowledges, when, instead of "melting down his materials into one mass, and constantly speaking in his own person," he followed "the chronological series of Johnson's life," and introduced year by year his minutes or letters. But he went far beyond him, not only by the conversations which are the crowning glory of his work, but by the dramatic art with which in a few touches he sketches a character or brings before us a scene. Mason wrote dramas, but he knew nothing of dramatic biography. In fact it is not to him but to Boswell that we justly look as the founder of the new school. No one reads Mason, every one reads Boswell. He had mastered that secret which Lord Chancellor Thurlow asked him for, when he had finished reading the *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*. "Could you," he said, "give a rule how to write a book that a man must read?" If he could not give the rule at all events he knew how to work by it himself. He was not one of those careless geniuses who strike out a great thing at a single heat. He had long thought over his method. His prentice hand he had tried in his *Tour to Corsica*, and his journeyman's hand in his *Tour to the Hebrides*. In both cases the workman was mocked, and his workmanship admired, or at least enjoyed. When

he came to his *magnum opus*, as he delighted to call it, the immortal *Life*, he had no doubt about the method he should pursue. More than three years before it was published he wrote to his friend Temple:—"I am absolutely certain that my mode of biography, which gives not only a *history* of Johnson's *visible* progress through the world, and of his publications, but a *view* of his mind in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be more of a *Life* than any work that has ever yet appeared." Two years later he recounted the labour, the perplexity, the vexation he had endured in his long task, and continued:—"Though I shall be uneasily sensible of its many deficiencies, it will certainly be to the world a very valuable and peculiar volume of biography, full of literary and characteristical anecdotes, told with authenticity and in a lively manner." He might have said of his book what Johnson said of the great dictionary:—"Yes, sir, I knew very well what I was undertaking—and very well how to do it—and have done it very well."

It was with a proud boast that he brought his preface to a close. "I have," he said, "largely provided for the instruction and entertainment of mankind." A hundred years have passed by, and each year has added its silent witness to the reasonableness of his boast. Each thirteenth day of December, the anniversary of Johnson's death, the Club of Johnsonians still gather together and bear their testimony too. They have set up their shrine in that Fleet Street which Johnson loved so well, where the ear of fancy still seems at times to catch the echo of his heavy tread, of his hearty laugh, and of his strong, deep voice. But if he is the hero whom they celebrate with their worship, it is Boswell who is the real founder of their religion. It is he who wrote their sacred book.

It was on Monday, May 16th, 1791, that the great work was given to the world. When a short while ago I dis-

covered this fact in the bookseller's advertisement in a newspaper of the time, I saw at once that it was not by chance that the day of publication had been selected. The choice, no doubt, was due to that strain of sentiment which in an odd way ran through Boswell's character. The dedication to his account of Corsica bears the date of October 29th, and so does the preface to the third edition. It was his birthday. Next to his birthday, perhaps, he reckoned as the greatest festival in his calendar Monday the 16th of May, for it was on that day of the month, and that day of the week, that eight and twenty years earlier he had first met Johnson. These touches of sentiment he kept, it seems, to himself; certainly he did not make them public. Perhaps I am the first to discover them.

Two or three weeks before the *Life* was brought out, Gibbon wrote from Lausanne to his publisher Cadell:—"Boswell's book will be curious, or at least whimsical; his hero, who can so long detain the public curiosity, must be no common animal." Johnson was indeed no common animal, and Boswell was no common biographer. To his genius testimony is borne by the very name by which we speak of his book. The *Life of Scott* we do not know as Lockhart, or the *Life of Macaulay* as Trevelyan, or the *Life of Carlyle*, as Froude; but the *Life of Johnson* is Boswell. It is Boswell that we read, Boswell that we talk of. Strongly and deeply marked as was the character of the hero, nevertheless the biographer has set his mark so deeply, too, that it is his name that the work bears.

Johnson, in language that has moved men to tears, has told how the Dictionary of the English Language was written "with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers; but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow." Gibbon in his stately prose has recounted the progress of his

History, from the day when he "sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter," to that calm June night three-and-twenty years later, when between "the hours of eleven and twelve I wrote the last line of the last page in a summer-house in my garden," and stepped out upon his terrace above the gleaming waters of the Lake of Geneva. In his long and laborious path he had had few outside obstacles to overcome. "The eight sessions that he sat in Parliament," instead of being a hindrance, "were," he says, "a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian."

Far different was the story which Boswell had to tell. If a good man struggling with adversity is a spectacle for the gods, what must be the prince of biographers struggling with drink? His great work ran, as it were, a race with the bottle. Long it hung doubtful in the golden scales of fate whether Boswell would first finish his book, or drink would finish Boswell. Happily his strong constitution, aided by occasional fits of comparative temperance, carried the day. For many a year he had been too much given to drink. In the *Life of Johnson* he owns himself a lover of wine. His countrymen might have died of the dropsies which they contracted in trying to get drunk on claret. He, more fortunate, succeeded in getting drunk long before he died. He had not yielded to his intemperance without many a struggle. So early as the spring of 1775, under a venerable yew-tree in a Devonshire parsonage, he had given his friend, the vicar, a promise which kept him sober for a time. Three months later he wrote to him:—"My promise under the solemn yew I have observed wonderfully, having never infringed it till the other day, a very jovial company of us dined at a tavern, and I unwarily exceeded my bottle of old hock; and having once broke over the pale, I run wild; but I did not get drunk. I was, however, intoxicated,

and very ill next day." Early in the next year we find him again supporting his failing resolution by vows. This time he made them not to a parson, but to his hero of Corsica. "General Paoli," he wrote, "has taken my word of honour that I shall not taste fermented liquor for a year, that I may recover sobriety; I have kept this promise now about three weeks; I was really growing a drunkard." The following year we find Johnson recommending him to drink water only; "for," said he, "you are then sure not to get drunk; whereas if you drink wine you are never sure." In the spring of 1778 he was "a water-drinker, upon trial, by Johnson's recommendation." Twelve years later, when he was carrying his book through the press, he was satisfied with less heroic remedies. To his friend Malone, who had helped him in the revision of the proofs, and who was uneasy at the slow progress, he wrote on December 4th, 1790:—"On the day after your departure that most friendly fellow, Courtenay, called on me, and took my word and honour that, till the first of March, my allowance of wine *per diem* should not exceed four good glasses at dinner, and a pint after it; and this I have kept, though I have dined with Jack Wilkes at the London Tavern after the launch of an Indianan. This *regulation*, I assure you, is of essential advantage in many respects. The *Magnum Opus* advances. I have revised page 216."

Johnson had been dead more than six years before the *Life* was published. With water-drinking and industry it might, I well believe, have been finished in two. It had been long in hand. Boswell had begun to write it on the evening of that 16th day of May, 1763, when, in the back parlour of the house in Russell Street, Covent Garden, he first met the great Lexicographer, and cried out to him: "Mr. Johnson, I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." With many a break he had gone on with it till that last day in June, one and twenty years later, when in Sir Joshua Reynolds's

coach he accompanied his old and fast-failing friend to the entry of Bolt Court, and heard him call out for the last time, "'Fare you well,' as without looking back he sprang away with a kind of pathetic briskness." With so much already done, two years should have sufficed to bring the work to its completion.

But there were other hindrances besides the bottle. That same ambition for distinction to which we owe the *Life* of Johnson—which, to use his own words, "had ever raged in his veins like a fever"—had often, by a miserable misdirection, robbed him of much of its just fruits. It had led him to struggle, too often by unworthy means, for an eminence of life for which he was wholly unfit. In what he called "the great wheel of the metropolis" he was ever hoping "to draw a capital prize." He looked with envy on such men as Wedderburn and Dundas. "Harry Dundas," he wrote, "is going to be made King's Advocate—Lord Advocate at thirty-three. I cannot help being angry and somewhat fretful at this; he has, to be sure, strong parts, but he is a coarse, unlettered, unfanciful dog." He was ever hoping for distinction by some sudden stroke of fortune or the favour of some great man. He joined the English bar. "I am sadly discouraged," he wrote, "by having no practice, nor probable prospect of it. Yet the delusion of Westminster Hall, of brilliant reputation and splendid fortune as a barrister, still weighs upon my imagination." He longed for a seat in Parliament, and, in the hope of winning one, fawned on the brutal Earl of Lonsdale. It was in vain that he had courted Pitt. From him he met with the coldest neglect. To borrow Johnson's words, he was always "paying a shilling's worth of court for sixpenceworth of good." That he was not blind to his own folly is shown by passages in his letters such as the following: "*Feb. 24, 1788*, I have been wretchedly dissipated, so that I have not written a line for a fortnight.

Nov. 28, 1789, Malone's hospitality, and my other invitations, and particularly my attendance at Lord Lonsdale's, have lost us many evenings.

June 21, 1790, How unfortunate to be obliged to interrupt my work. Never was a poor ambitious projector more mortified. I am suffering without any prospect of reward, and only from my own folly."

As if all these idle longings were not enough, the progress of the work, which was destined to be read "beyond the Mississippi and under the Southern Cross, and as long as the English exists either as a living or as a dead language,"—I borrow Lord Macaulay's swelling diction—the progress of this great work was still further retarded by the matrimonial projects of the author. His first wife, to whom he had been much attached, "a true Mongomerie," as he boasted—whatever may be the exact force of that epithet of praise—had lately died. Over his bereavement he shed many tears—none the less sincere because they were mingled with some drink. Two years passed by, and then we find the still disconsolate widower speaking of having "had of late several matrimonial schemes." At the house of Sir William Scott, the King's Advocate at the Commons, he was to meet "his lady's sister, who may probably have six or seven hundred a year. She is about seven and twenty, and he tells me lively and gay—a Ranelagh girl—but of excellent principles, inasmuch that she reads prayers to the servants in her father's family every Sunday evening. 'Let me see such a woman,' cried I, and accordingly I am to see her." We know nothing more but that she did not become Mrs. Boswell.

As if there were not obstacles enough in the biographer's path, one more was added by the embarrassment of debt. In his pride of lineage he had raised on mortgage a large sum for the purchase of an estate which had been imprudently given by one of his ancestors to a younger son, and so had been lost

to the main line. He had borrowed another sum of £500 to lend to an unlucky first cousin, and now the creditor was pressing him for repayment. He bought a lottery-ticket for £16. 8s. 0d., and lost the prize for £5,000 only by the two last figures, "which, alas! were 48, whereas those of the fortunate one were 33." He was depressed about the success of his forthcoming book by his "damned good-natured friends," who "shook their heads at the two *quartos* and two *guineas*. George Steevens," he writes, "kindly tells me that I have over-printed, and that the curiosity about Johnson is *now* only in our own circle." At a time when he should, like Johnson, have been "delivering his book to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well," he feels "a continual uneasiness, all the prospect before me for the rest of life seeming gloomy and hopeless."

In how feverish a bustle of life was one of the most restful of books brought to its close! As we turn to it from "vexing thoughts," and the restlessness of modern days, how few are the traces which we discover of all this debt, drink, tears, penitence, matrimonial projects, and idle longings for preferment, for a seat in Parliament, for a brilliant career in Westminster Hall! Still more are we struck with the calm which enfolds it when we think of the huge upheaval that was beginning all around. While the printer's devil was running to Boswell with the last sheet, Mirabeau lay dying, "carrying in his heart the death-dirge of the French Monarchy." In the pages of the *Life of Johnson* not a trace is to be seen of the great Revolution. Its waters are untroubled by the first breath of the coming storm. All the wildness of hope, the extravagance of thought, the uprising against tyranny and bigotry, against custom and common sense, the overthrow of the old optimism and the old self-complacency, the first dawn of the Age of Discontent, the new school of poetry with its depths and its shal-

lows, its realities and its affectations, all the vast changes which, as it were by a great gulf, separate us from the men of the eighteenth century—of these we discover not even a reflection on that calm and land-locked sea. In many a spot the swell had begun to be felt, but neither hero nor biographer was swayed by it.

Could the world, which is often so slow in discovering what is both great and new, have recognised in Boswell the genius which was really his, we should perhaps have traced in his character as little restlessness as in his book. It was the denial of his just share of fame which was for ever stirring him to struggle for eminence. Like Goldsmith he was read, enjoyed, and mocked. To Gray he was a fool who wrote a most valuable book by chance, merely because he told with veracity what he heard and saw. To Horace Walpole Goldsmith was an inspired idiot. Boswell and Goldsmith constantly asserted themselves because they felt their real superiority to men who were ranked far above them. Lord Chancellor Camden took no more notice of Goldsmith than if he had been an ordinary man. While the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* and of *The Deserted Village* still moves our laughter and our tears—*affectuum potens at lenis dominator*—the Lord Chancellor is as dead to us as his wig. Boswell knew, as I have said, that “he had largely provided for the instruction and entertainment of mankind”; while Wedderburn and Dundas had done nothing but largely provide for themselves and their descendants. The *Life of Johnson* we owe, as we owe most great work, to “that last infirmity of noble mind,” the love of fame—the *laudum immensa cupido*. “I have an ardent ambition for literary fame,” wrote Boswell in the preface to his *Corsica*, “a hope of being remembered after death.” To the friend of his youth he had always confided his “towering hopes”; but before long he confided them to a mocking world. Hopes such as his were felt by another

young Scotchman, past whose father’s door, a few months before he was born, was carried poor Boswell’s dead body on the way to its last resting-place in Auchinleck. “Think not,” wrote Thomas Carlyle to a friend, “think not I am careless about literary fame. No; Heaven knows that ever since I have been able to form a wish, the wish of being known has been the foremost.” It was this wish that supplied his genius with that patient endurance of long laborious days, which with the radiance of learning has lighted up the ages of Cromwell, of Frederick, and of the French Revolution. At aspirations such as these, when they are openly avowed, the world mocks, though they are one of the strongest, and by far the cheapest of the motive-powers in the service of mankind. The rewards bestowed on authors are not so great that under pain of ridicule and contempt they are to be deprived of their “immortal longings.” Had Boswell kept his vanity well hidden, or had he turned it into surly pride, he might have nursed it as much as he pleased; but, as old Burton says, “they are the veriest asses that hide their ears the most.” I like to think that there was one great man by whom his merits were liberally allowed. It was no doubt by the influence of Sir Joshua Reynolds that, in the autumn of the year in which the *Life of Johnson* was published, Boswell was appointed Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy. In the list of its honorary officers his name follows those of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Gibbon.

One kind of success was not refused him. His works met with a rapid sale. Both of his *Corsica* and his *Tour to the Hebrides* three editions were called for within the year. Of the *Life of Johnson* 1,200 copies were sold in less than four months. Cowper, who the same spring was receiving subscriptions for his Translation of Homer, complained of “living in days of terrible taxation, when verse not being a necessary of life is accounted

dear, be it what it may, even at the lowest price." In judging of the extent of the sale we must remember too that the English-speaking population of the world is probably five times as numerous as it was then; though there is one large and interesting section of that great host, which, by its peculiar institutions, often manages to buy books and yet not benefit authors. How many editions have been published in all I do not know. In the British Museum there are at least thirty, all printed in Great Britain. The pirates of Dublin certainly printed one, and perhaps more. In the United States no doubt many have appeared—one much against any wish of mine. In both England and America there have been stereotyped editions, so that the number of copies issued must have been vast. The *Tours to Corsica* and the *Hebrides* were quickly translated into foreign languages; but the *Life of Johnson* can only be read by those who understand our tongue. It is, perhaps, as well that this is so. His strong common sense put suddenly into the heads of Frenchmen or Germans might have the same effect on them as it had on Boswell, and cause them a headache.

Of all the editions of his work Boswell saw only the first and second. He was but fifty-four when he died. With his fine constitution he should have lived to four-score, and over his ninth edition have sung his *Nunc dimittis*. Even as it was, his pride in his success was great. There were, no doubt, "cold-blooded and morose mortals," as he called them, "who really disliked his book;" but in his "moments of self-complacency" he "assimilated" it to the *Odyssey*. From "persons eminent for their rank, learning, talents, and accomplishments he was regaled with spontaneous praise, much of which," he writes, "I have under their hands to be repositied in my archives at Auchinleck."

How greatly would he have been delighted could he have known that "Burke affirmed that Boswell's *Life* was a greater monument to Johnson's fame than all his writings put together." But he would, I fear, have been still more pleased had Miss Burney told him that "a GREAT PERSONAGE" was reading his book the very summer it came out, and was applying to her for explanations without end. Nay, the Queen frequently condescended to read over with her passages and anecdotes which perplexed her.

It is the sweetest of all earthly things
To gaze at princes and to talk of kings.

But to be talked of by princes and kings is surely still sweeter.

The book was to spread with the spread of the English-speaking race, and to become the delight of men who agree in scarcely anything else but in their admiration of the immortal *Life*. Leigh Hunt records that when he was living at Genoa with Lord Byron, and not getting on too well with him, "it was a jest between us that the only book that was a thorough favourite on both sides was Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. I used to talk of Johnson when I saw him disturbed, or when I wished to avoid other subjects."

In pious gratitude let all true Johnsonians gather together on Saturday, the sixteenth day of this month of May, and honour the memory of James Boswell, and keep the centenary of his *magnum opus* with joyous festivity. As he wanders with his friend and master through those happy shades "where there is no room for Whiggism," may there reach him some faint echo of the applause with which we express our gratitude towards the greatest of biographers, the author of the immortal *Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson*!

GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL.

SOME OLD GERMAN HUMOURISTS.

"CAN a German have wit?" asked the profane Frenchman, and, like Pilate, did not wait for an answer. A century and more before the birth of Heine the question was not quite so inept in substance as it was impertinent in form. Yet it implied in the questioner even then a certain share of the national gift for coining base metal into epigrams, and cultivating literature with brilliant success on a very thin diet of fact. No doubt foreign wit and humour are especially difficult to assimilate. They have to be besieged behind the entrenchments of a strange idiom; and when the philological barriers have been laboriously beaten down, the subtle genius within, which yields to insight but not to toil, is often found to have apparently disappeared. But the Père Bouhours had not undertaken this siege and was therefore not entitled to plead this defence. The immense and various literature produced in Germany in the century preceding his own was to him, as to his countrymen generally, a region too unknown to arouse even the consciousness that they did not know it. That it was quite as intellectually rich as it was abundant cannot indeed be asserted. It never attained to either the imaginative splendour of the Elizabethans, or the chastened glow of the *Pléiade*, or the romantic charm of Tasso. But within the range of a less ideal and aspiring art it is extraordinarily full of life and vigour. If it is earthy, it has the zest and raciness of the soil. If it knows little of the gracious delicacy of the flower, it is full of the marrow which makes the stability of the stem. And it is very far also from being as predominantly grave as its reputation. On the contrary it is rife with natural humour,—not the humour of the pro-

fessional humourist, as this last unhappy but indispensable word unfortunately suggests, but rather the unsought, homely, half-traditional humour of the people. We propose in the following pages to afford the merest glance, no more, of this almost untrodden region.

We will begin, unpromising as it may sound, with a great preacher. A famous saying of Mephistopheles would suggest that laughter is anything but a divine quality; yet somehow a considerable body of the great and motley tribe of jests claims to have been begotten of very reverend persons, and even in very solemn places. But during the last three centuries ecclesiastical humour, abundant as it has been, has observed certain limits, which the grave and serious spirit of Protestantism has even accentuated. Actual jests, however instructive, have not often been introduced into sermons. No such scruple hampered the typical preacher of the later Middle Ages, whose sense of decorum, otherwise constituted than ours, permitted him an incomparably freer resort to profane material for sacred uses. If there is any spot in Europe which inspires religious awe in the modern traveller, it is under the glorious vault of the Strasbourg Minster; and if in the generation which preceded and prepared for Luther there was any fervid and high-hearted preacher, it was Johann Geiler of Kaisersberg. No finer type of expiring Catholicism exists than he; but his sermons, which daily filled the great nave with a crowd of eager listeners, were also the principal source of the first German book of jests. Buffoonery was completely absent from his nature; but his strong popular intelligence instinctively sought the most effective means of driving home his

moral, and his good stories, though told with keen relish and spirit and without a trace of modern unction, are always followed by the application which they are designed to commend. Possibly the audience may have at times perversely ignored the wholesome doctrine and remembered the unsubstantial illustration, like those ladies of the seventeenth century who, on their first experience of tea, "poured away," we are told, "the dusky brown liquid, and ate the leaves with butter." And the modern reader will not reverse the former preference so decisively as the latter. The solution of the vexed problem of the position of women, for instance, can hardly be said to have been materially advanced by the tragic anecdote of a husband and wife who, as they walked through a newly-cut meadow, fell into dispute whether it had been mown or shorn. The debate grew hot, and the husband at length sought to settle it in favour of the former theory by throwing the obstinate adherent of the wrong side into the river. She continued however to protest, and when she sank under the surface and was on the point of drowning, a hand emerging from the water with two fingers crossed like shears attested her dying fidelity to the faith that it was shorn. It was probably this wife whose body her husband was afterwards found seeking up the stream, on the ground that having been so contrary while she lived, she was likely to have defied the course of nature after death.

It was from morsels such as these, thickly strewn over the pages of the venerable Strasburg preacher, that his disciple, Johann Pauli, principally compiled, as we have already hinted, the first German book of good things, his *Schimpf und Ernst*, which in the language of the sixteenth century is equivalent to Jest and Earnest. Pauli, like his master, was a moralist, and invested his capital of pleasant anecdote with a shrewd eye to a return in improved manners. If his own monastic brethren might be permitted to

read it for recreation, the unruly knights and barons in their savage fastnesses were to find in its pages wholesome instruction and solemn warnings, while the sluggish intellect of well-fed citizens was only to be allured by its appetising bait of jest to approach within easier range of the moralist's lash. But a host of imitators soon followed in Pauli's path, in whose hands the jest-book tacitly dropped its claim to be a kind of preacher's companion, and became simply a book of jests. The splendour and luxury of civic life in the Germany of the sixteenth century, together with a growing refinement of manners and a certain tendency to cultivate talk as an art, which was only less pronounced in the patrician houses of Augsburg and Nuremberg than in the *salons* of Paris and the euphuistic coteries of London, all this created a real need for entertaining literature, and it is not surprising to find that these books bear as a class the stamp of the well-to-do *bourgeois's* tastes, habits, and prejudices. They seek, like the stock novelist of to-day, to assist him in transacting his business without tedium and his amusements without being bored. Most of them enumerate with great precision on their title pages the particular social diseases for which they furnish an unfailing nostrum. One for instance, the *Rollwagenbüchlin* (1555), compiled by the honest town clerk of Burgheim, J. Wickram, describes itself modestly as a "new and unexampled book, wherein be many rare jests and stories, fit to be told in ships and coaches, as likewise in baths and barbers' shops"; while another, the *Gartengesellschaft* (1556), of Jacob Frey, aspires to mitigate the dulness of more solemn occasions, "in fair gardens, by cool fountains, on green meadows, at noble music, and other seemly festivities."

As may be supposed, an extremely large proportion of this mirthful matter was obtained at the cost of the various non-civic classes of society, from which the life of the cities was

in the sixteenth century so sharply cut off. Above all it is the peasants whose weak points are a continual mark for good-humoured ridicule. A countryman, for instance, comes to town to be shaved, and entering a barber's shop learns that the charge is a halfpenny; this strikes him as extortionate, and he insists upon being shaved for a farthing. The barber immediately consents and shaves him to the exact value of a farthing—from one side only. Or again, a company of villagers, desiring a painted figure of Christ, go to a certain painter to give their commission. "Do they wish the figure to be alive or dead?" he asks. They consult together a while, and then reply that they wish him to be alive, "for then if it should not please us we can easily strike him dead." Sometimes we detect the sarcastic flavour of university wit, as in the story of the three students who, desiring to supplement the spare diet of the college dinner, undertook a nocturnal expedition to a neighbouring farm in quest of a goose. All goes well until the critical moment, but just when the goose is safely in the grasp of the leader, an alarm is raised. A rapid whispered dialogue in dog-Latin ensues. "Have you got it?"—"I have it."—"Run off as fast as you can." They escape in safety with their booty, but the owner has overheard and carefully remembered their Latin phrases, and on the following morning, to the delight of the whole university, reports to the authorities as having stolen his goose the three gentlemen called Master *Have you got it*, Master *I have it*, and Master *Run off as fast as you can*. A whole family of stories turn upon the inexhaustible subject of husbands and wives. In a certain town in Essex a flitch of bacon is still awarded to any couple who have never quarrelled. It is said to have been claimed twice in a century. In Germany a like reward was offered to any husband who could show that he was master in his own house. The slightest breath of suspicion that his

domestic relations were not as happy as they might be, sufficed to invalidate his claim. In one town the tempting reward was suspended, a cynosure for marital eyes, over the chief gate. For a long time no one ventured to claim it, until one day (when it was perhaps no longer quite so desirable as at first) an audacious peasant coming by proposed to carry it off. "You must put it under your coat then," rejoins the gate-keeper. "Nay," replies the peasant, "for that would foul my shirt, and I should have a warm welcome at home." After that his case is naturally dismissed without appeal. A variation on this theme is the subject of one of the best Carnival plays of Hans Sachs. Two peasants, aptly named Hans Flegel and Simon Frauenknecht, present themselves at the hostelry *Zum Deutschen Hof* in Nuremberg, where the promised prize is in this instance kept. Their claim is met by a challenge to produce fourteen witnesses in its support. Demurring to this, they are required to bring the wives themselves. This is still more out of the question; and a cross-examination elicits from Hans the confession that though he does just what he pleases in his own house, he has bought this freedom with a great price—that of allowing his wife to do the same. Simon is in still worse case. "Surely thou art master at home?" asks his fellow Hans. "Ay, to be sure; when my wife is out bathing I am lord alone." "But, prythee, good man, tell me, art thou not always master?"—"Ay, ay, she lets me give all the orders—on condition that I ask her first."

Now and then the levels of this merely anecdotic fun are relieved by genuine satiric invention. The solemn platitudes of a rustic jury, for instance, are not badly reproduced in the story of the village elders, who, learning the sudden demise of their neighbour, the wolf, held an inquest upon the body, and after successively pronouncing their opinions upon the cause of death, leave it in the end uncertain whether the deceased had died of a cold caused

by overmuch walking in the snow with bare feet, or of indigestion incurred through a too free indulgence in raw mutton. But the most characteristic and brilliant efforts of satiric humour were those in which the naively-imagined Paradise of the popular faith was employed in a fashion only to be paralleled in English by Byron's colossal *Vision of Judgment*. The charming fancy of Eve and her children, half of them good and half naughty, receiving a visit from the Creator (in preparation for which Cain stoutly refuses to have his face washed and his hair combed) was the subject of the most famous of Hans Sachs's numerous plays. So far as this little domestic idyl has any practical purpose, it is apparently only that of impressing upon the juvenile mind the consequences of disobedience to parents, for the untidy and unruly Cain meets with condign chastisement from the august Visitor. A more formidable class of delinquents was occasionally honoured with a discharge of the like genial and well-meant but tolerably harmless railery. The wandering German soldiery (*Landsknecht*) whom princes of every faith and party employed in the civil wars of the sixteenth century, were as fair game as Ancient Pistol or Captain Bobadil for the satirists, with their lawless licence and their immense simplicity, their "hair-starting" oaths and their Teuton heartiness and good nature. In a very quaint and laughable poem Hans Sachs describes how a troop of them contrived one day to enter Paradise, owing to an oversight of St. Peter's wife who had been strictly charged to watch the door, but happened at the critical moment to have turned her back. The unruly intruders at once proceed to make themselves at home, and set up their dice-table in the sacred precincts. The authorities, much concerned, take anxious counsel as to their removal, but without result until an angel, well-acquainted with *Landsknecht* human nature, suddenly raises the cry "To arms!" outside, when the whole troop

instantly starts up and rushes to the fancied fray through the open gate which is promptly closed behind them. But the most celebrated of these stories is that of Hans Pfriem, based on the old fable of the Peasant in Heaven, and turned into a drama as amusing in effect as it is edifying in intention, by the strict Lutheran divine, Martin Hayneck of Grimma. Hans Pfriem was a village carter whose faculty of candid criticism made him the terror of his neighbours. He belonged in fact to the class of persons endowed with a conscience so much in excess of their private requirements that they spontaneously place it at the disposal of every one who needs it. The presence of such a man was evidently not desirable in Paradise, and strict orders were accordingly given that he should on no account be admitted. Nevertheless, by another oversight of the porter's wife, he contrived to slip in. Anxious debate ensues among the saints, but a compromise is finally arrived at, according to which he is permitted to remain on condition of his finding no fault, no matter what he may see. His forbearance is sorely tried, however, for the ways of Paradise are by no means the ways of earth, and at every turn he discovers some stone of offence at which all his terrestrial prejudices cry out. Here he meets women who carry water in leaking vessels; there a pair of woodmen with a beam between them are trying to walk abreast through a narrow passage. All the instincts of the practical man are in revolt, but he holds his tongue, and in fact the leaking vessels somehow always remain full, and the long beam proves somehow compatible with the narrow passage. At length he sees a fellow craftsman of his own, a carter whose cart and four horses have stuck fast in the mire, trying to extricate them by attaching two of the four behind. This is too much, and he indignantly calls out to the dull fellow whose algebra permits him to suppose that two *minus* two make four. Like the heroine of *Lohengrin* he has

spoken the forbidden word, and a peremptory summons to quit speedily arrives. But Hans is not so easily removed. The saints who successively arrive to evict him are reminded of their earthly failings in such vigorous language that they retire in confusion, and the bold carter is left master of the field. As a last resort they send to him the children, who having been taken away by Death before they had ever sinned present no hold for his sarcasm. The professional fault-finder is at a loss, he finds his occupation gone, and his tried weapon of defence useless. But a happy inspiration comes to him. He fills his pockets with apples, pears, and nuts, and scatters them among the hostile forces with such effect that they forget what they were sent to do, and instead of driving away this new and delightful Rip Van Winkle, troop merrily off to play with him in the meadows. The exasperated saints have no alternative but to make peace, and Hans engages to keep his inconvenient tongue in order for the future—a consummation which betrays that the clerical author concealed under the decorous mantle of the moralist a sturdy, uncontrollable love of a good jest. He “smelt a rat” no doubt, and wrote a play to edify the rat off the face of the earth; but the natural genius of the story prevailed over its intended application, and before he reached the climax he had persuaded himself, like the immortal “Candid 8,” that it did not after all “smell very strong.”

In the stories so far dealt with, the town as against the country may be said to have had it all its own way,—a result that needs no explanation in books which, as we have seen, were written, in the main, by citizens for citizens. But the peasant now and then turned and rent his assailants in jest as well as earnest, and the stern tragedy of the Peasants’ Wars had its comic counterpart in literature. The graceless vagabond whose exploits made the name of Owlglass famous in England from Barclay to Ben Jonson, and en-

riched the French language with the only word (*espègle*) by which they can be adequately described, was in a sense the champion of the peasantry; and though he was tolerably impartial in his choice of victims, upon no class did he play his pranks with so much zest as upon the insolent townsmen. This did not prevent the record of them from becoming among the most popular of all the German story-books of the century; and in fact its principal interest to modern readers who cannot digest its crude and saltless obscenities, lies in the inferences which may be drawn about a society which could and did. But more intellectual weapons were not wholly wanting. Here and there in the civic jest-books themselves we meet with genuine traits of rustic shrewdness produced at the cost of social superiors, more often it is true of the priest than the citizen, as in Pauli’s story (which has done duty many a time since) of the parson who, anxious to qualify the native frankness of Teutonic manners, required his parishioners to substitute a low whistle for the candid but too explicit “You lie!” Having to preach on one occasion at very short notice, he committed himself in an account of the Creation to the statement that the Lord after making Adam “leaned him up against a rail.” A low whistle interrupted him. “What, you think I lie?” “No, sir, but I would fain know who made the rail.”

It is not however to the peasantry that we owe the one classical satire upon town life which Germany produced in the sixteenth century. The history of the *Schiltburger*, printed in its last years but based on much older traditions, betrays in every page the caustic humour of a scholar with the literary instinct of a practised writer. Our own *Men of Gotham* can only be compared in tendency, not in effect. The nearest parallel is in truth the immortal caricature of a proverbially weak point in our ancient civic life which relieves the romantic pathos of *Much Ado About Nothing*. The *Schiltburgers* are in fact a whole townful of

Dogberries and Verges'. Everybody has heard of their plan for saving the expense of windows,—how they built their town-hall with only a single opening, the door, and then when all was finished, introduced the light in a closed bag, taking the utmost care that none should escape by the way. This is merely broad farce, but there are better things in the book. The whole account of the reception of the Emperor, with the wonderful, ultra-municipal verses which his loyal burgesses of Schiltburg perpetrate in his honour, is an irresistibly droll travesty of more famous civic festivities. And the time-honoured difficulty, *what to do with the earth you take out of a hole*, has probably suggested the Schiltburgers' solution to more men than would care to confess it. After long reflection one of them suggested, "Dig another hole and put it in!" They looked at one another and pondered a while. At last one began: "Ay, but where shall we put the earth we get out of *that* hole?" "Why, you foolish fellows," returned the first, "of course you must make the hole so much bigger, to leave room for the earth you take out of it." And when the objectors heard this reply, they slunk away in great humiliation, feeling that their understanding was no match for such a man.

In this world, where kindness is often a little grave, laughter is rarely without a touch of malice; and humour is far oftener found in the service of satire than of eulogy. But among the Teutonic races, in England, Germany, America, the genius of humour has tended to escape this limitation, imposed upon it habitually by the *esprit Gaulois*, and to break into the joyous laughter which springs from the incongruities of things rather than from the eccentricities of men. There is no *arrière-pensée* in Falstaff, nor in Sir Roger, nor in Uncle Toby, nor in Reuter's Onkel Bräsig. And it is pleasant to be able to turn, in conclusion, to an example, unique in its way, of this more kindly and genial humour. Rarely do we escape more

completely from the atmosphere of drastic ridicule which is the breath of that literature, than in turning over the pages of Johann Fischart's poem of *The Fortunate Ship*, composed to celebrate a fantastically grandiose compliment paid by the city of Zürich to Strasburg, in honour of their mutual amity.

It was midsummer of the year 1576, and there was to be a great shooting festival at Strasburg. The whole town made holiday, and the best shots came trooping in from all the Swabian and Alsatian villages around. There was a great fair too, and a lottery, in which the single ticket of a poor servant-girl brought her the first prize of ten thousand *gulden*, while the Duke of Anhalt, who had bought four hundred tickets, got nothing but blanks. And lastly, the students of the Strasburg Academy, then presided over by Johann Sturm the close friend of our Roger Ascham, and the most famous classical school in Europe, performed a play of Sophocles in Greek, and that with such pathos as to draw tears from the spectators who did not understand a word.

Messages of goodwill too, which in our day would have been congratulatory telegrams, were sent from a distance; among them most notable by far was one from Zürich, which took the shape of a cauldron of hot porridge, rowed down by a single crew in a single summer day, a distance of fully one hundred and fifty miles. They had started before dawn, and the midsummer sun was just dipping below the purple peaks of the Vosges as they pulled up the little tributary of the Rhine on which Strasburg stands. Their coming, announced beforehand, had been eagerly expected; the boat was hailed with cheers, children danced along the bank shouting with joy, grave senators came down to receive them as they landed at the point still marked by a monument and a street called *Züricher-strasse* in their honour. A great banquet awaited them at the Rath-haus, and the whole town went wild with enthusiasm when it learned

that the porridge cooked the day before at Zürich had been still so hot that it had burned everybody's mouth. Such was the feat which Fischart, the first German satirist of the day, chose to celebrate. There is in it, in his eyes, nothing puerile or trivial. On the contrary, his robust Protestant heart warms with enthusiasm at the friendship, thus eccentrically attested, of the two great reformed cities, and he even ventures with the light heart of a pre-scientific etymologist to prove that their names are identical. Just as *Jesuiten* in his philology means *Jesu wider* (against Jesus), and *Bischof* is only a variation for *Beiss schaf* (bite-sheep), so Zürich easily becomes under his manipulation *Tsuric*, *Tsrac*, *Tsras*, and finally *Strass-burg*. But these gambols are only preliminary flourishes. His main business is with the voyage itself and he throws about it an air of poetry, blended of enthusiasm and humour, which to confess the truth rarely visited the pen of a German in those days. The stout Zürichers become in his hands second Argonauts, and he himself their second Apollonius. The little incidents and adventures, the brief emergencies and crises of that day's journey down stream, are dwelt on with the same minuteness as though they had been years of weary wandering through unknown seas. All Nature too becomes alive and personal for him. River and sun are for the German as for the Greek rower divine things, to be moved by prayer; and so felicitous is the poet's simple touch that one feels that this is not a mere bit of Hellenic mythology tacked on, but the folklore of his own people welling up from the depth of a thoroughly German heart. How wholly German, for instance, is the account of the embarkation in the first gray of the June morning, while the trumpet-blasts with which

they greet the dawn ring over the still lake under the fading stars, and the morning hymn to the sun rises from the lips of the rowers as they are about to start.

O thou dear Sun ! O thou clear day !
Give us thy light upon our way !
Put forth thy head, ruddy and bright,
That thou hast robbed us of this night.
For our sake rise with glad goodwill,
That we our whole task may fulfil !

And how quick is the sympathy for river-life in what follows ! The boat shoots down the rapid Limmat, the oars rising and falling so fast that it seems some strange bird flying along the water ; presently they pass into the Aar which springs from the cloud-capt Gothard, and winds down "tortuous as a fish-hook" to the north ; and then they hear the rush of Rhine, and their heart rises in them and they cry, "Now need we thy help, O clear and rushing Rhine, to bring us to the queen of thy cities, Strasburg." And Rhine answers in a voice like the roaring of waters : "Good heart, comrades, *Frisch dran, ihr lieben Eidgenossen !*"

Row, row ahead !
Strain every sinew, and have no dread ;
For labour brings the victor's name,
And to have toiled is to have fame !

With this fine and truly German sentiment we may take leave of our poet and close the present brief study of old German Humour. Nor could it well be closed more fitly than with words which utter the strenuousness, the ardour, which lies at the heart of laughter in the Teuton nature, words which therefore served excellently well in their grave enthusiasm as text and moral to this rhyming *Odyssey* of a Pot of Porridge.

C. H. HERFORD.

TYPES FOR THE BLIND.

In the January number of the *Edinburgh Review* there is an article on the blind, one part of which cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. That the writer has the use of his eyes will be obvious; that he is either ignorant of the requirements of the blind for reading and writing, or is wilfully prejudiced with regard to those requirements, is also clear. He sums up his analysis of the various types in this fashion:—

What is really needed is simply this: (1.) An embossed type resembling as nearly as may be that in general use among seeing men, so that the blind scholar may derive every possible help from the remembrance of letters which he may have once seen, or from any sighted reader; both of which advantages are denied to him by Braille and Moon. (2.) All words must be correctly spelt in full, so that when he has learned to write, others may be able to read his written words. (3.) The type must be clear and sharp to the finger of the adult hardened by age or rough work, and to the softer touch of the little child.

Beyond a doubt some modification of the Roman letter must be the foundation of that system; and having mastered that for reading and writing, let the blind scholar take Braille with all his dots as an adjunct for arithmetic, music, or other special subject.

In this way the writer tries to shelve the work of the past thirty years with regard to the education of the blind.

A short retrospect of the various systems devised by philanthropists—who are mainly not blind—to enable the blind to read, is necessary to our purpose. Up to nearly the end of the last century little was done to ameliorate the condition of those who had lost their sight, and no real attempt to enable them to read for themselves by touch seems to have been made till about 1784. In this year M. Valentin Houy, founder of the Institution des

Jeunes Aveugles at Paris, started the idea of a raised letter. He chose the Italic form of the Roman letter. This system was introduced into this country in 1834 by Sir Charles Lowther, but never took root. It was about this time that the attention of philanthropists in the United Kingdom and America, and of other friends of the blind, was stirred to action. In 1834 Mr. Gall, of Edinburgh, printed the Gospel of St. John in a modified Roman type, using serrated lines and replacing curves by angles. Mr. Alston, of Glasgow, adopted the idea of ordinary Roman capitals. Dr. Howe, of Boston, U.S., used small Roman letters, replacing curves by angles as Mr. Gall had done. In 1838 Mr. Dawson Littledale adopted a combination of capitals and small letters. The Bible has been printed at Stuttgart in Roman capitals, the lines being formed of a series of fine dots.

In consequence of the difficulty of feeling these various modifications of the Roman letter other plans have been tried, which may be divided into two classes,—Lines and Dots. Of the former there have been three: the phonetic shorthand system of Frere, the stenographic shorthand of Lucas, and that of Dr. Washington Moon. But even these three could not agree in their arbitrary signs. All these systems can be stereotyped and written in a slow and imperfect way by the aid of wooden cubes, the form of the letter indicated by pin-points projecting from the under surface. This multiplicity of systems, devised for the most part by the seeing to aid the blind, shows how difficult it is to test the touch by the eye. No doubt it was felt that the blind must learn a letter almost identical to that used by the seeing; but one thing seems to have been over-

looked, the convenience of the people it was hoped to benefit.

Of the dotted systems there are two ; that known as the New York, and that which takes its name from its inventor, M. Louis Braille, a blind pupil, and afterwards teacher, in the Institution des Jeunes Aveugles in Paris. The former is not used outside the United States ; the latter, invented in 1829, was scarcely known in this country till 1868. In that year the British and Foreign Association for Promoting the Education and Employment of the Blind was formed by the late Dr. T. R. Armitage. He associated with himself a few other gentlemen, all of whom were, as he was, unable to read except through the finger. After long and careful trial of the various systems, this committee decided in favour of the Braille system, and the association has been ever since its firm advocate. The steady increase in the sale of books and materials for embossing Braille points to the correctness of their decision. The advantages of the dotted system over all others are, that it is (1) easily felt, (2) quickly learned, (3) readily written, (4) adaptable to musical notation. The writer in the *Edinburgh Review* says of the Braille system, that it is "an unknown sea" to the blind boy, and further on of the books at the command of the blind, that they are

few, . . . and these few chiefly of the driest possible flavour—dictionaries, manuals, readers, or, dreariest of all, pages of advice and warning manufactured specially for him as deprived of sight. Books of amusement, such as the sighted now have in abundance, to the blind boy are all but unknown. In school he rarely reads out of any book but the Bible from one end of the week to the other. After mastering the alphabet he was probably set to work at once at one of the Gospels, and in that for, say, six months. Then another Gospel, and so on for three or four years, the final issue being that by dint of sheer repetition he at last reads whole pages of his dreary lesson by rote—faster than his fingers can travel over the words, with little thought of their sacred meaning, and even less of their divine source.

Now what are the facts? Let a blind man speak for the blind. We are not ungrateful for all that has been done for us in the past, but we do claim that we may decide for ourselves the system which isolates us least from the rest of mankind, and enables us to read and write with the greatest fluency. We assert that the blind alone are able to know what system of reading is most adaptable to our wants. It is now almost the universal belief among us that the Braille system is the best for our purposes. It has been adopted by all the institutions in England, by every country in Europe where attention is paid to the blind, in Australia, in British North America, in Brazil, Mexico, Japan, and Egypt. During the last few months it has been adapted to Hebrew and Arabic. Missionaries in China find it of great use, and a lady has lately adopted it for one of the Indian dialects, one of the Gospels being shortly to be printed for her use. This consensus of opinion among those who have lost their sight speaks for itself, and is the best answer to the ironical statement in the *Review* that, "It is said, however, that this complicated system has found advocates, and is liked by many of the blind themselves." It cannot be supposed for a moment that the people who have had the advantage of the Braille system will ever return to a Roman letter, however modified. Moon will still remain for those few whose touch is not keen enough for Braille ; the other systems will die.

That the "unknown sea" is easy to cross may be inferred from the fact that an old lady of seventy-six learnt it, and used it for reading and writing for nearly ten years ; and children have been known to pick up the system in a very short space of time. One can hardly believe that the relations and friends of those who are compelled to use a raised type would grudge the short time it takes to acquire it.

The Reviewer states that the sign

for E in Braille stands also for the note of interrogation. This is not so, as, though the dots are in the same relative position to each other, they are in different lines. The use of contractions in the system is on a uniform basis, and far from being a deterrent to the blind reader and writer they are constantly being added to.

"To the blind," we are then told, "this system has one strong attraction—that it is specially *for them only*; that very few sighted people can make head or tail of it; and, above all, that by means of it they can carry on a correspondence with each other of which nobody else can decipher a single word. This, naturally, is a great charm to a secretive race who hate to have their letters read to them. But that such a system should find any other advocates apart from these is a problem hard to be understood." This is unjust; the writer little knows the class for whom he has so little sympathy. Are pupils created for teachers or teachers for pupils? Should not the teacher learn the method which adapts itself most readily to the requirements of the pupil, rather than the pupil be forced to learn what gives the teacher the least trouble? Why should the blind be called a "secretive race"? Are they to be debarred from receiving private letters? Debarred from communicating with their friends? Debarred from taking notes, and keeping their accounts? Debarred, in short, from what every seeing man, woman, and child has by natural right, because a few managers and teachers of schools for the blind cannot take the trouble to adapt themselves to the wants of the pupils committed to their care? These persons put themselves in opposition to the great mass of the blind, who have realised that the only way to draw themselves nearer and nearer to their fellow-creatures is by making use of a system more serviceable to those who have to depend to a large extent for reading on their touch. If any danger is to

be feared during the school period from the passing of letters (a danger not unknown in schools for seeing children) surely it should be the duty of those in authority to take the necessary steps to counteract it.

Now as to the books obtainable by the blind. Few books there may be in Roman letter, and few, too, in the Moon system beyond the Bible and some other pamphlets of the kind described by our Reviewer. With the Braille the case is different. Writing can be easily and quickly done in an inexpensive frame, and the number of books increases by bounds. Many a private man has a Braille library with selections of his own writing and that of his friends. The British and Foreign Association are constantly employing blind writers to copy works of all descriptions, and some one hundred and sixty seeing people, mostly ladies, give a large portion of their time gratuitously to writing first copies of books in Braille. These books are again copied by indigent blind writers, who are in this way enabled to add to their scanty incomes. Beyond the books in the library at the Royal Normal College at Norwood there are at 33 Cambridge Square (the headquarters of the British and Foreign Association for the Blind), nearly fifteen hundred books of various descriptions and authors. A large lending library which contains all the published works of Moon, and a large assortment of literature (about five hundred books) in Braille, has for some time been open at 114 Belsize Road, N.W., and is constantly being added to. The following letter (in Braille) from the children of a Board School class written to the managers of the library speaks for itself: "We shall all enjoy reading the nice books very much. We look forward to the fresh parcels of library books to read at home in the evenings. They help us with our school-work, and our friends like to hear the pretty stories. Yours respectfully (signed by various members of the class)."

Two magazines—*Progress*, edited by Mr. J. L. Shadwell under the auspices of the British and Foreign Association, which appears six times a year, and *Santa Lucia*, edited by the Misses Hodgkin, of Childwall, Richmond-on-Thames, every month—are published in the Braille type, and both are eagerly read by a large number of blind people.

Authors of all kinds are now within reach of the poorest blind reader; Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Dickens, Scott, Lord Tennyson, Bulwer Lytton, George Eliot, Miss Yonge, Mrs. Gatty, Mrs. Sewell, and Mrs. Ewing, are but a few of those whose works have either been printed or written in this type. Blind pupils, who wish to advance themselves in the higher branches of education, are quickly, and at a fairly moderate cost, supplied with Greek and Latin authors, or with arithmetic and algebra. In the elementary schools the children are taught to read in *Stories from Waverley* and other books of a similar kind, and all Nelson's Primers can be obtained by all the schools. In this way it has been shown that blind children can be taught to read without, as in former days, using the Bible simply as a reading-book; yet they can be at the same time thoroughly instructed in all religious teaching. The British and Foreign Bible Society have printed all the books of the Bible, and are most kind in giving grants to those whose means will not enable them to purchase at the full price. The free libraries also add their testimony to Braille's favour. Twenty books of this system are taken out from the library at Edinburgh to one of Moon, and at Manchester ten to one. It is therefore much to be hoped that increased facilities may be shortly given to blind readers in the various centres where these excellent institutions have been founded. The following testimony of the London School Board needs no comment:

The blind children under the London School Board attend the ordinary school and do the ordinary work of the class to

which they belong; i.e., they read, take dictation, do the sums given to the class as quickly and as correctly as do their seat-mates with slate and pencil. The work of the year is tested, for blind as for sighted, individually and collectively, by Her Majesty's Inspector at the annual examination. But all this would be impossible without a system of tangible characters capable of being *written* as well as *read*, a system by which the reader can copy from his book, and the writer read what he has written, both being done rapidly and surely. Given such a system, and the blind child, without drawing on the busy teacher of a large class for more than his share of attention, can go on from year to year in equal step with brothers, sisters, and playmates, until the time comes for him to enter a special institution, and begin to train for a trade or profession. But no so-called "line" system of tangible print fulfils these conditions. To be sure if the Roman capital, or Alston system, be adopted, it is possible, by the aid of a clumsy and expensive apparatus, for a blind person slowly to stamp out, letter by letter, a short exercise in similar characters, although an hour's hard and painstaking labour would scarcely cover two foolscap pages with the matter that could have been written on one page of note-paper. It is only the "point" system of embossed print which can be both written and read; and only for the "point" systems has it been found practicable to devise a portable and inexpensive writing apparatus available for school-children as for adults. On behalf of the selection of Braille as the most desirable among "point" systems, it can be claimed that it is known, used, and approved by a larger number of blind readers and writers than any other, that it is in fact the only one used in European countries. Its literature is already extensive. Even the blind children of the Board Schools, beside their school-books, have access to many interesting stories by the best writers. Moreover, although the London School Board does not give to blind children special musical instruction, we cannot overlook the great advantage it will be to all such children, when they enter special schools, to be able to read and write the system in which *all* their music is printed, and that system is Braille.

Within the last year a conference of those who have the musical education of the blind at heart, in England and on the continent of Europe, have agreed

to adopt a uniform Braille system of notation. By this means music published in, say, Paris, Berlin, or London, can be interchanged without the necessity of each individual country bearing the expense of printing music which would benefit none but its own blind.

By the latest invention—a type-writing machine brought out by Messrs. Cockburn, Phillips, and Montgomery, of 2 Princes Mansions, Victoria Street, Westminster—it is thought that Braille may be written with much greater rapidity. While engaged on this paper I have been informed that the Gospels of St. Mark and St. Luke in Greek are to be immediately stereotyped to meet the ever-increasing demands of educated readers. Yet we are told in the *Edinburgh Review* that the only chance for the blind to assimilate themselves with their seeing fellows

is a modified Roman type, which no blind man can with any comfort write, and none with any certainty read. Blind people may have been slow, but they have at last found out the system they require to enable them to rise above the slough of degradation that they were kept in by the prejudices of sighted philanthropists. The bonds have at last been broken by the united action of a few educated blind gentlemen roused to a united effort, in this country at any rate, by the energy and forethought of one who, though not entirely void of sight, was yet debarred from the pleasure of ordinary reading; one whom the blind of this country have learned to look up to and respect, the late Dr. T. R. Armitage.

LORANCE W. CARTER.

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

IN Théodore de Banville France has lost one of its most distinguished men of letters—an exquisite lyric poet and a writer of the most delightful lyrical prose. "C'est certainement que cet homme a pour âme la Poésie elle-même," said an eloquent critic, not always so enthusiastic; and the word, in its pardonable exaggeration, is admirably descriptive. Banville, whether he wrote in verse or in prose, was a poet and nothing but a poet. Never was a man more entirely absorbed in the art to which he was devoted. He lived all his life in a state of poetic exaltation, not so much indifferent to external events as unconscious of them—I mean what are called important events, for he was Parisian of the Parisians, and delighted in the little incidents of the hour which could be put into verse. But, though he loved nature and man, he loved art more than either—more than anything in the world, which was nevertheless so bright and satisfying to him. More than any poet of the day, he realised the joy of life, and with him—far more truly than with Gautier, of whom he says it—

Pœuvre fut un hymne en fête
A la vie ivre de soleil.

Among a great company of pessimistic poets Théodore de Banville remained true to the old faith (the old heresy, they call it now) that the poet should be a messenger of joy, a singer of the beautiful. Leconte de Lisle, professing to be impersonal, impassible, has always chanted in his calm verse the dreariest of creeds—a philosophic Nihilism which does but face its consequences with the resignation of despair. It is in his gentlest arraignment of the order of things, in the

poem called "Requies," that he writes of life and death thus:—

"So is life made; needs be that all comply.
The foolish rage, the feeble moan oppressed,
But the wise laugh, knowing that they must die.
Seek the still grave where man at last finds rest,
And there, forgetting all thy hopes and fears,
Repose in peace through the eternal years."

Then at the other end of the scale we have M. Richepin, with his petulant and theatrical *Blasphèmes*—the pessimism of the boulevards, developed into a sort of parody of Lucretius. Everywhere there is pessimism, everywhere a reasoned or assumed system of negation and disapproval. But Banville had no theory of life to propound, except that spring is joyous, spring is fleeting, therefore gather the rose-buds while ye may.

Aimer le vin,
La beauté, le printemps divin,
Cela suffit. Le reste est vain.

His philosophy is a frank, instinctive Epicureanism, a delicious acceptance of all that is charming in the moments as they pass, the utmost joy in them, and the least possible remembrance—if to remember is to regret—when they have gone for ever. It never occurred to him to question whether life was worth living, or whether this was other than the best of all possible worlds. With so ingenuous a faith in things as they are, he laid himself open to the charge of being superficial; and indeed if it is the poet's duty to deal with what are called great questions—the questions that disturb the mind of the modern curate—then Banville

failed in his duty. But if Ronsard—if Herrick—had any conception of the proper province of poetry, then Banville too, in his different, but not radically different way, was a poet.

Théodore de Banville was born at Moulins, March 14th, 1823. His father was a retired naval lieutenant, and it is to him that he dedicated his second book. His first volume, *Les Cariatides*, published when he was nineteen, was inscribed to his mother, for whom, year by year, he made a little collection of birthday verses, finally published, in 1878, under the name of *Roses de Noël*. Banville's life was uneventful; it has a date to mark his birth, a date (sixty-eight years later, almost to a day) to mark his death. He never married, he was not elected to the Academy, he had no special and startling triumphs in a literary career which was long, honoured, and successful. "A poet whose life has been modest and unobserved," he said, "has no biography but his works." *Les Cariatides*, his first volume, was a marvellous achievement for a poet of nineteen. The influence of Hugo—whom Banville never ceased to worship as the poet of poets—was naturally evident. It is quite in the early romantic manner, with stanzas full of proper names, poems addressed to the Venus of Milo, poems about sultanas. But there is also, and already, the soaring lyric flight, and even a certain power of sustaining the flight. The boy has a vocabulary, and if he has not a style, he knows very well, at all events, how to say what he wants to say. And there are *dicains* in the manner of Clément Marot, *rondeaux*, *rondeaux redoublés*, *triolet*s—the old forms that Banville has done so much to bring into use again. *Les Stalactites*, as the author tells us, from the standpoint of twenty-three, are decidedly more mature than *Les Cariatides*. That fundamental characteristic of Banville, lyric joy, had indeed been evident from the first, but here it breaks forth more spontaneously, more effectually.

"An immense appetite for happiness and hope lies at the root of our souls. To reconquer the lost joy, to remount with intrepid foot the azure stairway leading to the skies"—such, Banville tells us in his preface, is the incessant aspiration of modern man—his own aspiration, he should have said. In 1852 appeared a characteristic little play, *Le Feuilletton d'Aristophane*, the first, and perhaps the most famous, of Banville's lyric dramas. It is a sort of *revue de l'année*, done with immense spirit and gaiety, and with a wealth of real poetry instead of a meagre measure of doggerel. It is full of wit and a fantastic, essentially modern kind of poetry, which is yet entirely individual. It was followed by some charming books of prose (*Les Pauvres Saltimbanques*, *La Vie d'une Comédienne*), and then came a little volume of *Odelettes* (1856), a book of spring verses, dedicated by Banville to his friends. Next year appeared anonymously, in a quaint green-covered pamphlet—the book was scarcely more than a pamphlet—the *Odes Funambulesques*.

"The *Odes Funambulesques* have not been signed," said the preface, "because they were not worth the trouble." "Here are fantasies assuredly more than frivolous; they will do nothing to change the constitution of society, and they have not even, like some poems of our time, the excuse of genius. Worse, the ideal boundary which marks the limits of good taste is overstepped at every moment, and, as M. Ponsard judiciously remarks in a line which should survive his works, if the works themselves do not remain immortal:

When that is overstepped, there is no
limit left!"

So the author introduces his rope-dancing verses. Their allusiveness renders them difficult reading for us to-day, yet they have the qualities that remain. To be familiar, to be jocular, to burlesque the respectabilities, to overflow into parody, to exhibit every

kind of rhythmical agility—to dance on the tight-rope of verse—and yet to be always poetical, always the lyric poet, is a feat which few have ever accomplished, a feat which Banville has never accomplished so deftly as in these wittily-named *Odes Funambulesques*. There is a series of *Occidentales*, parodies of Hugo's *Orientales*; there are satires in the stately manner, and satires which explode into sparks like fireworks; there are *rondeaux*, *triolet*s, *pantoums*. Juvenal-Pierrot, Boileau-Harlequin, as Barbey d'Aureville called him, Banville has spread a feast of light-hearted gaiety which has even now a certain savour. Here is an untranslatable *triolet*, the whole fun of which depends on the rhymes—preposterously clever rhymes which sing themselves over in one's head through a whole evening:

Mademoiselle Michonnet
Est une actrice folichonne.
Autrefois chacun bichonnait
Mademoiselle Michonnet.
Le public qui la bouchonnait
Dans ses dents aujourd'hui mâchonne :
Mademoiselle Michonnet
Est une actrice folichonne.

In the same year with the *Odes Funambulesques* a collection of some of Banville's most serious and lofty work was printed under the name of *Le Sang de la Coupe*, and in 1866 (after more plays and more books of prose) appeared his finest volume of serious poems, *Les Exilés*, and his finest play, *Gringoire*, well known to English playgoers under the name of *The Ballad-Monger*.

In the preface to *Les Exilés* Banville says: "This book is perhaps the one into which I have put the most of myself and my soul, and if one book of mine is to last, I would desire that it should be this one." This book, into which he tells us he has put the most of himself, is entirely impersonal, and it is characteristic of Banville that this should be so. What was deepest in him was a passion for art, for poetry, which to him was literally, and not figuratively, something in-

spired. "Like the art of antiquity, his art," said Gautier, "expresses only what is beautiful, joyous, noble, grand, rhythmical." The poems in *Les Exilés* are mainly on classic themes; they have always a measure of classic charm—a large, clear outline, a purity of line, a suave colour. There is fire in them as well as grace; some of them are painted with hot flesh-tints, as "Une Femme de Rubens." But the classical note predominates, and in such verse as this—written for "La Source" of Ingres—there is none of the romantic trouble, but a clear silver flow in the sweep of broad and placid rhythms:

Oh ! ne la troublez pas ! La solitude seule
Et le silence ami par son souffle adouci
Ont le droit de savoir pourqu'oi sourit ainsi
Blanche, oh ! si blanche, avec ses rougeurs
d'églantine,
Debout contre le roc, la Naiade argentine !

In the *Idylles Prussiennes*, published in 1872, Banville returned to the composition of "occasional poems," this time ironical and indignant, and touched with the tragedy of daily events; they were printed Monday by Monday in *Le National* during the siege of Paris. Then, in 1874, he published a charming series of sonnets, *Les Princesses*, on "those great Princesses whose mysterious eyes, and red lips, have been, through all the ages, the desire and delight of all human-kind." More books of prose followed, *Contes*, *Souvenirs*, *Esquisses Parisiennes*, with a *Petit Traité de Poésie Française*, the most poetically written of all text-books to poetry, the most dogmatic, by no means the least practical, and altogether the most inspiring. The volume called *Mes Souvenirs*—sketches and anecdotes of most of the Romantics, known and unknown—is simply the most charming book of literary *souvenirs* in the world. In 1884 came another volume of effervescent verse, *Nous Tous*, and only last year a new collection, *Sonnailles et Clochettes*—poems published in newspapers, really journalistic verse, which is really

poetry. It is a new art, which it amused Banville to invent and practise; for how amusing it is, said he, "to offer people pebbles of Eldorado, pearls and diamonds, saying gaily, Only a penny a-piece!"

For many years Banville was the dramatic critic of *Le National*, where he used to write, every Sunday, a *causerie* full of excellent sense and delicious nonsense. One scarcely knows whether to say that his prose writing was like his conversation, or that his conversation was just the same as his prose. Literature was an art which he had mastered so perfectly that it had become a second nature to him. He talked with the same sparkling ease, the same exquisite surety and harmony of phrase, with which he wrote. Those dramatic criticisms of *Le National*—too ephemeral in subject to be ever reprinted—are still delightful reading if one turns to them; and it is curious to compare the witty good sense, the silvery paradoxes of Banville with the heavy dogma, the persistent seriousness of the dramatic criticisms which M. Zola, during a part of the same period, was contributing to *Le Voltaire*. M. Zola has never been able to treat anything lightly; he has always been the prey of his own opinions. And with him an opinion, as he once said in conversation, is like a heavy piece of furniture, which stands in one place and can only be moved with difficulty. M. Zola's dramatic criticism was a campaign; Banville was content to let poor plays be the excuse for good literature. Not that he was without his convictions, far less without his preferences. His primary conviction was, that nothing in the world is so precious as good poetry, and it followed from this conviction that he cared chiefly in plays for what was poetical. In a number of charming little plays—*Le Beau Léandre*, *Diane au Bois*, *Les Fourberies de Nérine*, *Le Baiser*—he has shown us what he himself conceived as the poetic drama. It is a return to fairyland, the first home of poetry—a way of escape from realism

and the newspapers, into a land of mere impossible romance, the land of Pierrot, of Riquet with the Tuft, of the Sleeping Beauty. This was the real world to Banville, and it needed but a word to set his brain travelling into the country of dreams. One day Antoine, the manager of the Théâtre Libre, came to him with the request for a play—"Something you have in your portfolio, M. de Banville." "No, no," replied Banville, "I never have anything in my portfolio—but sometimes I have an idea!" And *Le Baiser* was written. It was given at the Théâtre Libre, and afterwards at the Français, on the same night as *Le Flibustier* of Jean Richepin. Both plays achieved an equal success with the indiscriminating public of the first night; but oh! with what relief one heard the opening lines of Banville's fairy comedy! M. Richepin's ponderous verse was at last over, the final couplet had been said, and one's mind was free from the irresistible necessity of supplying the rhymes that one knew were coming. Coquelin and Richemont were on the stage; it was Pierrot and the fairy, to whom speech was music. The verse was like nothing so much as a flight of birds in all the happy freedom of the sky. In the contrast between the two plays lay all the immeasurable distance between what is poetry by right of birth, and what would fain, by a great price, purchase that birthright.

Banville's poetry astonishes one, first of all, by its virtuosity. He is the greatest master of rhyme who has ever used the French language, a perfect Ingoldsby; one of the greatest masters of rhythm and poetical technique, a very Swinburne. But he is not merely great by reason of his form. It is true that he has no passion and little that can be called intellectual substance. His verse is nothing but verse, but it is that; it is sheer poetry, with no other excuse for its existence than this very sufficing reason, its own beauty. Banville sometimes deals with splendid themes, as in the "Malédiction de Cypriis," but he never sought

very carefully for subjects ; confident of his singing-voice, he sang. And he sang of the eternal commonplaces, eternally poetical—of the nightingale, the night, and the stars, of April and the flowers, of wine and of song, of loves as light and charming as their classic names. He could write—

Ruisseaux ! forêts ! silence !
O mes amours d'enfance !—

and yet turn these trite old themes into poetry. What he wrote was mostly "occasional verse," but he carried it to the verge of sublimity. That has been done before—by Catullus, by Herrick, for example—but whenever it is done it is an achievement, and Banville, alone among modern poets, has won this difficult success.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

SCHOOLMASTERS IN COUNCIL.

THE Schoolmaster is abroad ; he has come to Oxford, and has spoken to us about Greek. The scene in the new schools was one of historical dignity. The fate of Greek, some thought, was being decided in its first home in England (*pace Cantabrigiensium*) where Grocyn and Linacre had taught it four centuries before. There were gathered together, nearly two hundred of them, the head-masters and assistant-masters of some sixty or seventy of the leading public schools ; a multitude of Oxford heads of houses, professors, college tutors, listened in respectful silence, and refrained even from good words however much they thought. They gazed, at least some of them, with an interest not unmingled with awe, on the men who were moulding the future of the twenty thousand boys who are to be our governors, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, schoolmasters. Nor were the speeches unworthy of the occasion. They were, for the most part, short, pointed, earnest, as of men who had something to say on an important subject of which they had the real knowledge which is sometimes lacking in theoretic educationists.

The result was significant. Greek as a compulsory subject for a University degree, what we may call for brevity *Pass Greek*, was condemned by the head-masters of most of the great public schools. It was approved by a majority of two (thirty-one to twenty-nine) ; by the votes, speaking roughly, of the head-masters of the smaller schools, who seemed to think that when *Pass Greek* ceased to be compulsory it would cease to exist, except in schools where rich men's sons could afford themselves educational luxuries.

We live in an age of conferences—why should there not be a conference

of parents, for they have an interest in the matter? We all know the faults of that unhappy class : they are Philistine, fussy, ignorant, unreasonable ; but they are indispensable—if there are to be boys—and have gleams of intelligence. In their poor, half-conscious fashion they sometimes compare the results of education in their boys and girls, and feel dimly that the girls are better educated than the boys. If they went on to ask the reason, and learnt, what Mr. Glazebrook tells us, that three thousand hours of a school-boy's life are spent in acquiring an ignorance of Greek, would they not think unutterable things?

A conference of boys is perhaps to be deprecated. It is conceivable that they would condemn the whole curriculum of public school education, for oppressed classes seldom discriminate ; the most decisive condemnation would probably be reserved for Greek grammar by all but potential Ireland scholars. There remains a class whose interest in the question is as great, and, let us hope, as intelligent as that of masters, boys, or parents. The classical tutors of colleges and university examiners, owing to their position and not to any special merits of their own, are specially qualified to form a right opinion, or at least an opinion worth considering. They have no personal interest in retaining or abolishing *Pass Greek*, the teaching of which is but a small portion of their work ; they cannot be accused of undue partiality for mathematics, or natural science, or modern languages, for they are sometimes irritated and alarmed by the insatiable demands of these "daughters of the horse leech." Nor are college tutors as a body either revolutionary or conservative, for old and new ideas live together in the Universities in the

strangest harmony. But, above all, classical tutors and examiners have the advantage of testing the full and perfect results of a passman's Greek education. It is not pretended that opinion as to the character of these results is unanimous, for none but mathematical propositions meet with unanimous acceptance at the Universities—yet the writer ventures to affirm that a large and increasing number of tutors and examiners agree with him that these results are poor. They are seen in Responsions and Pass Moderations; Responsions must be passed by all; Pass Moderations by all except candidates for Honours in certain schools. The Oxford examination system is very intricate, and the reader may be spared details. One point only is worth noting that the same man may be passman and classman in different parts of his University course. Though a passman in classics, he may afterwards read for Honours in the final schools of *Literæ Humaniores*, Mathematics, Natural Science, History, Law, Theology. A passman, therefore, is not necessarily of inferior calibre, for whom, as some appear to think, one subject is as good as another, and whose time may as well be wasted on Pass Greek as on anything else. Even the passman who is a passman to the end has claims to the best education that can be given him. He is no *vile corpus* on whom it is little harm to repeat disastrous experiments; his work on the rational subjects offered to him in the later part of his course is as intelligent and profitable as that of many classmen.

The writer has examined some eighteen hundred or two thousand men in Pass Moderations. The amount of Greek offered was generally one Greek "book," *i.e.* a portion of some Greek author, two short dialogues of Plato for instance, or three-fourths of Xenophon's *Memorabilia*. This humble modicum of Greek is sometimes accurately known; but the quality often

as well as the quantity of the work is miserably inadequate to the time and labour presumed to have been spent on Greek during five or six years at school and the year at the University which is wasted on *crambe repetita*. The candidates are also required to translate at sight an easy piece from some Greek author. Unhappily no Greek author wrote with Pass Moderations in his mind, and it is difficult to find in Greek literature a passage which would not "pluck" half the candidates if anything like a creditable, even a respectable, translation were exacted. In Responsions the amount required is smaller still. Two plays of Euripides and the elements of Greek grammar, the most "beggarly elements"—of accident rather than syntax—"satisfy the examiners." The advocates of the retention of Pass Greek as a compulsory subject are in a real dilemma; if these results imply, to produce them, a large expenditure of time and labour, they are inadequate; if they imply no such expenditure they are deprived of their best apology, for they cannot then inflict that mortification to no purpose which is said to be good for boys. Some defenders of Pass Greek boldly face the second alternative, and plead that after all a boy wishing to enter the University can master the necessary Greek in six weeks, nine weeks, twelve weeks, and that the loss of time is very trifling. This defence reminds us of the justification of the baby in *Midshipman Easy*.

It cannot be too often repeated that two distinct questions—(1) Is Greek worth teaching? (2) Ought Greek to be taught to every one?—were run into one, if not in the debate at Oxford, certainly in the correspondence which ensued.

No one denies that Greek is the key to literature, history, philosophy, and is an instrument of education equal, if not superior, to any other. But the Greek with which we are concerned is not the Greek acquired by a scholar who can read with profit and enjoy-

ment poetry in Homer, history in Thucydides, philosophy in Plato. We are speaking of the Greek of "Small's" (ominous name!), a kind of "pigeon Greek," without the usefulness of "pigeon English," a Greek for which the best plea is that it helps its possessor to understand scientific nomenclature, an understanding which may be gained from a good English dictionary at the rate of a word per minute by one who does not know Alpha from Omega.

But here we shall be told that a subject—e.g. Pass Greek—may be worth learning if it exercises and strengthens the mental powers, though it be useless in the sense that it gives the pupil no information, or, in the case of a language, no access to information about facts which are necessary to know in order to make or do something.

It is unquestionably true that education has two such sides or ends, that it ought to be (I quote from a letter of Mr. Pridgon Teale) both "a training of the faculties, and instruction in subjects which prepare us for our calling in life." But these ends are not opposed to each other; the false antithesis between them, as the "good" and the "useful," disappears on close inspection. That which strengthens the mental powers enables us to make or do things well; the acquisition of information about "useful" facts strengthens the mental powers of memory and observation, and, it may be added, of inference and imagination in any human being above the level of a parrot. Logic, for instance—at least deductive logic—which may be taught by symbols with hardly a reference to facts, strengthens the mental powers; is it, therefore, "practically useless"? Chemistry is a mass of facts, practically useful in the plainest sense; is it therefore incapable of strengthening the mental powers? On this antithesis between things which are not opposed rest the fallacies in which the "good," or "best," and the "useful" in education, and

the "higher" and "lower" education are set against each other.

It is said to be the duty of the Universities to preserve the "higher" education of the country against the encroachments of the "lower" education; and in the higher education is included Pass Greek, not merely real Greek; while by the lower education is meant apparently an education without Pass Greek, an education, say, in Latin, mathematics, natural science, and modern languages. It may be worth while, therefore, to examine the claims of Pass Greek to be an essential part of the best education the Universities can give. Does it answer both or either of the ends of a good education? Does it give instruction, or training, or both?

The perfect of βλῶσκει is μὲμβλωκα; is it instructive or useful to know that isolated fact? Are all the anomalies of the Greek grammar taken together of any real use to a boy who is to read no Greek except the *Hecuba* and the *Alcestis*? Does Pass Greek train the mind as its advocates assert? Does it strengthen the powers of reasoning and perceiving analogies? To a Greek scholar μὲμβλωκα has interest and significance; the anomalies of Greek grammar are to him explained by philology, and the study of them is a delightful and profitable exercise of very high, if not the highest, intellectual faculties. But to the average schoolboy and University passman the Greek irregular verbs are the blackness of darkness, something to be learnt by rote and in a few months gladly forgotten. Does Pass Greek cultivate the powers of observation? The question answers itself. Does Pass Greek stimulate the imaginative powers and make the boy or passman glow with poetic and generous emotion, as if he were reading *Hamlet* or *The Idylls of the King*, which many love who hate Greek grammar? It is difficult to think of any emotion excited by μὲμβλωκα except disgust. These strictures do not of course apply with equal force to every part of the Greek work offered in Re-

sponsions and Pass Moderations. Not all passmen read with pulses unstirred or hearts unmoved the battles in Homer, or the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, or the sorrows of Alceſtis—but for most their unfamiliarity with the language, and the dismal associations of the “grammar of the passage” take the edge off their enjoyment. Is, then, Pass Greek an essential part of the highest education if it serves no educational purpose, except, to some degree, that of strengthening the memory—alas! by exercising it on facts not worth remembering?

But even were it shown that Pass Greek has a high educational value, it would not follow that it must be retained as a compulsory subject for a degree, unless it were further shown that there is no other subject of equal value which might be allowed as an alternative to Pass Greek without injury to education. Here is the very gist and centre of the controversy. Those who resist Mr. Welldon's proposal to allow alternatives are bound to prove: (1) That Pass Greek is a good thing; (2) that there is nothing equally good. It is not too much to say that in the recent controversy no serious attempt has been made to establish either of these propositions. Assertions, which no one contradicts, of the excellence of Greek do not touch the question whether Pass Greek is good. The claims of other subjects to be allowed as alternatives for it have been met by being ignored. If these claims are groundless *cadit quæstio*, the schools must teach Pass Greek; the Universities, as the centres of the best education, must exact a knowledge of it as indispensable for a degree, if a degree is to be the mark of a well-educated man. All arguments from hardship to candidates, from distastefulness, from loss of time which might have been given to something better, must be ruled out of court, for no one can rightly complain that he has to make sacrifices to get an education worth having.

The supporters of Mr. Welldon pro-

pose alternatives to Pass Greek, and none of the alternatives combine all the disqualifications of Pass Greek as an instrument of education. Logic, mathematics, natural science, modern languages have all of them a value of some sort—they either train or instruct, or do both. Logic is learnt with advantage by Scotch University students of sixteen and seventeen. Why should it not be learnt by school-boys of the same age? It would train the reasoning powers, which in the ordinary school curriculum are left untrained. Modern languages are at present taught under considerable disadvantages; excellence in them does not generally raise a boy's place in school; they are still parvenus among the subjects of school education, but from them, properly taught, could be gained all the advantages which are said to be gained from the grammatical drill which is given in Pass Greek—for there is a rational grammar and there is an irrational grammar, and both can be and have been used in the teaching of all languages. That teaching is bad or good; whether in Greek or French or German, according as the pupil has been disheartened and confused by being “crammed” in the true sense with long lists of irregular forms in accidence, many of them of rare occurrence, or has been taught the common forms and the simplest principles of syntax, the elementary logic which governs the sequence of moods and tenses, and the nexus of sentences. French or German rationally taught, not as to youths preparing to be couriers, might equally well with Pass Greek give the average pupil all the grammatical instruction which is to him really valuable and comprehensible, if that half-conscious contempt for modern languages which has been generated in him by the regulations and sentiment of public schools were removed. Were he taught that modern languages are not merely useful to a tourist travelling on the Continent without the guidance and protection

of Mr. Cook, but are indispensable as being the languages of great literatures and the keys to storehouses of information, scientific and professional, necessary to any man who wishes to know his business,—he would learn them willingly, hopefully, and therefore profitably; they would be for him part of the “higher education.”

There is a real distinction between the “higher” and the “lower” education, but it is not the distinction drawn by the defenders of Pass Greek. It is a distinction not of subjects but of method; the meanest subject rightly, perfectly taught may be part of the “higher” education; the most splendid language and literature wrongly and imperfectly taught is part of the “lower” education. “Higher” and “lower” rightly mean not classical as opposed to scientific or commercial, but intelligent and unintelligent, that which educates, and that which does not. The names and things have been confused because classical education has an immense social and intellectual prestige; it has long been in England the education given to the higher classes; to know, or to have known, a little Greek has for generations been one of the marks of a gentleman, of a man who has been educated at a public school and a university. The classics have long held the field, and have been till recently, when science and modern literature could no longer be ignored, the sole material of the best education known. They will always hold and deserve to hold their place as part of a liberal education. But the belief that they are the whole of it, that other subjects have in it no place, or a far inferior place, that Pass Greek has in it a place at all, can only be explained as the result of that implicit faith in long-standing professional tradition which is at once the strength and weakness of school-mastering as of other callings.

It would be a deplorable result if the abolition of Pass Greek as a compulsory subject led to premature specialisation, for while specialisation

in grown men, though necessary for the advancement of learning and science, has dangers of its own, in boys it would be disastrous and intolerable. But schoolmasters have the right and the power to prevent a boy from reading nothing but mathematics and chemistry, and to make him fill and train his mind with something else besides; we ask only that the something else should not necessarily be Pass Greek. One of the two classical languages may reasonably be demanded as part of the liberal education which ought to be implied by a university degree; that one of them intelligently taught and learnt is worth almost any sacrifice of time, labour, and money is not disputed; but, to quote from an “Oxford Tutor,” writing in *The Times* of December 26th, 1890, whose letter is well worth reading, “given that a fair knowledge of one classical language is of enormous value, a second by reason of being the second is worth not as much as the first, but only a fraction of it.” The one language must be, at least will be, Latin. The question is not a merely academical one, of interest only to theorists, whose disputes are like the quarrels of the Bigendians and Littleendians. It concerns not only our twenty-five thousand public school-boys, but hundreds of young men who, from no fault of their own, have never learnt or have forgotten the Greek alphabet. The writer has known many young men who entered a counting-house or law-office at fifteen or sixteen, and after four or five years changed their plans of life, and wished to take a university degree. They were fit to enter a university, if tried by any test other than the possession of Pass Greek, by the tests of intelligence, of readiness to work, of genuine interest and some acquirements in history, or natural science, or law, and would have been able to pass an entrance examination of a rational kind; they were obliged to waste precious time and money in learning the rudiments of Greek, which are harder than is supposed to master at twenty or twenty-

one, when the parrot-like memory of fifteen or sixteen has passed away; after a lost year they were free to work at what they liked and valued, and they more than held their own. Surely they who came, and others like them who were deterred from coming to the university were hardly used, unless Pass Greek be what its defenders think it to be.

Pass Greek has been defended by two arguments which have an apparent solidity. It is said that boys from the Classical Side of a school show themselves superior to boys from the Modern Side in any examination in which they meet on common ground. This argument is an interesting example of the fallacy of "the cart before the horse." The victors conquer not because they have more Greek than their antagonists, but because they have more brains. They have been devoted to Greek by masters with an eye to classical scholarships because they are the stronger boys; they are not the stronger boys because they have been devoted to Greek. Nor does the superiority shown mainly by boys taught real Greek furnish an argument for the value of Pass Greek.

Again, it is said that the abolition of Greek as necessary for a university degree foreshadows the abolition of all Greek. This is indeed a desperate defence. Those who prophesy that, if Pass Greek be abolished, Greek will become as Arabic, an unknown tongue, betray a strange lack of trust in Greek, in the strength of tradition, in the results of the culture of which they are the professed defenders. Greek is not Arabic, and will hold its own by its own merits. If it has no vitality of its own it will not be, nor does it deserve to be, kept alive by Pass Examinations. Homer and Plato are much to be pitied if their immortality depends on "Little-go" or "Smalls." We might take our opponents' ground, and, assuming that the study of Greek can be preserved only by university examinations, argue that so long as the knowledge of Greek is made the

condition of obtaining Classical Scholarships, Fellowships, and Honours at the Universities, so long will Homer and Plato be read in England. Against a proposal to remove hardships present and acknowledged, prophecies of calamity in an extremely improbable future are arguments of little weight.

The enemies of Pass Greek are the best friends of classical education. When a ship is labouring in the sea and the masts are broken, they are cut away to save the ship. Classical education is now labouring in the sea; the hungry waves are beating on her, seeking to devour her. It would be well to clear her decks of dangerous encumbrances. Is the classical education given in English schools satisfactory? Is it capable of improvement?

The public-school boy is high-spirited, generous, a gentleman in more than the conventional meaning of the word; he has good manners, and hates meanness and cowardice. His bodily training is perfect—perhaps too much is made of it, and his worship of football and cricket is extravagant, but he learns from them to obey and to play fair and not for his own hand—lessons of no small value for political and social life. He is becoming in this respect, perhaps to his own contemptuous surprise, a pattern to our "hereditary enemies," for the French are seeking to introduce into the *lycée* the wholesome illusions and vigorous games of Winchester and Eton. Our schoolboy is so charming and manly a young fellow that we are sorry for him, sorry that while he is so well trained in many ways he should know so little. The average schoolboy—not the prize boy—is worse educated than his sister. He knows a little Latin, less Greek, less French, less German, little history, no logic, no political economy, not even the "use of the globes"—he is intellectually a failure. Yet he is no fool. The boys of the race which governs India and has colonised half the world must be capable of learning something. It would be impertinent to praise the energy and devotion of

those who teach him, and to say that the level of ability and conscientiousness is at least as high among schoolmasters as in any other professional class. The subjects taught need no defence, except on the ground of the relative importance assigned to them. If the fault lies not in the master, nor in the pupil, nor in the subject, it must be in the method.

I am aware that there are considerable differences in the method of teaching languages in different schools; but I believe that it is essentially the same in all or in most—the method from the abstract to the concrete, which begins, if not exclusively, at least mainly, with grammar, and postpones any reasonably extensive reading of Greek or Latin, French or German authors, till the pupil has learnt not merely the necessary elements of grammar, the common forms in accidence, and the simple rules in syntax, but exceptions, anomalies, monstrosities of accidence, subtleties of syntax, without end, useless and unintelligible except to an advanced scholar. This excessive grammatical drill is said to give the pupil that “sound grounding” in languages without which his knowledge would be “slovenly.” Alas! it is a grounding on which a superstructure is seldom raised—a foundation of rubbish and broken bottles, like that on which jerry-builders put the frail suburban cottages of our unlucky artisans.

The sound grounding of education in all languages is the languages themselves—the reading of easy passages with the help of literal translations. I know the prejudice against the use of translations; it has been made a crime, and is supposed to make learning too easy. Yet Locke and Sydney Smith, who combined philosophy and wit with the strongest common sense, saw no harm in using translations nor in making learning easy.

“The recurrence to a translation,”¹

¹ Sydney Smith's review of “Hamilton's Method of Teaching Languages,” *Edinburgh Review*, June, 1826.

says Sydney Smith, “is treated in our schools as a species of imbecility and meanness; just as if there was any other dignity here than utility, any other object in learning languages than to turn something you do not understand into something you do understand, and as if that was not the best method which effected this object in the shortest and simplest manner.” He quotes from Locke: “The next best method” (after talking Latin to the pupil) “is to have him taught as near this way as may be—which is by taking some easy and pleasant book, such as ‘Æsop's Fables,’ and writing the English translation (made as literal as it can be) in one line, and the Latin words which answer each of them just over it in another.” The pupil will thus, says Sydney Smith, learn “a prodigious number of words and phrases compared with those which are presented to him by the old plan. As a talkative boy learns French sooner in France than a silent boy, so a translator of books learns sooner to construe the more he translates.” Is difficulty a good thing in itself irrespective of the results obtained? “Abridge intellectual labour by any process you please, there will be sufficient, and infinitely more than sufficient, of laborious occupation for the mind of man.”

Again as to the time and place for grammar in learning languages, Locke says, “If grammar ought to be taught at any time it must be to one that can speak the language already; how else can he be taught the grammar of it?”² And again: “I grant the grammar of a language is sometimes very carefully to be studied: but it is only to be studied by a grown man when he applies himself to the understanding of a language critically, which is seldom the business of any but professed scholars.”

Can languages be profitably learnt by very imperfect grammarians? I think they can; hear Sydney Smith.

² Locke, *Some Thoughts Concerning Education*, Locke's Works, vol. viii. p. 163.

"A grocer may learn enough of Latin to taste the sweets of Virgil; a cavalry officer may read and understand Homer without knowing that *ἵππ* comes from *εω* with a smooth breathing, and that it is formed by an improper reduplication."

He adds that by this method grammar is learnt in the right way, by habit; that grammar comes from reading Greek, rather than Greek from grammar; that by mere translation a foundation may be laid for the grammatical scholarship of an Elmsley or a Porson. But space forbids me to quote more. I will add only his explanation of the acquiescence of many fathers, a "sombre acquiescence," as Mr. John Morley would call it, in the atrocities inflicted on their boys. "Have I read through Lilly? Have I learnt by heart that most atrocious monument of absurdity, the Westminster Grammar? Have I been whipt for the substantives? whipt for the verbs? and whipt for and with the interjections? Have I picked the sense slowly and word by word out of Hederick? and shall my son Daniel be exempt from all this misery?"

Sydney Smith's words are as true now as when he wrote; the evils of which he complains may have been diminished, but they still exist. His estimate of Hamilton's system may be too high; that system has not made way; it has had little or no trial in classical edu-

cation, but it is in effect the system by which all languages are learnt except at school. Did we not know how strong professional tradition is, how long John Doe and Richard Roe survived their usefulness at Westminster, we should be surprised that Latin and Greek are taught now nearly as they were taught one hundred years ago. Much has happened since then, and classical education has now formidable competitors. Its supporters can no longer defend it by empty generalities about the "higher education"; they must make it better, more able to hold its own against the modern learning. Classical education has immense advantages in its favour, the advantages of long possession, of association with the best types of English culture and political life, of the suffrages of distinguished men who have emphasised the value of classical studies as "precisely the true corrective for the chief defects of modern life." "If," says Mill (as quoted by Professor Case in *The Times* of January 1st, 1891), and he is no prejudiced witness, "If, as every one must see, the want of affinity of these studies to the modern mind is gradually lowering them in popular estimation, this is but a confirmation of the need of them, and renders it incumbent on those who have the power to do their utmost to aid in preventing their decline."

P. A. WRIGHT HENDERSON.

PETE WARLOW'S END.

A STORY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I.

It was an unfortunate love-affair which was the prime cause of Peter Warlow's isolated mode of life, a mode for which Nature had not well fitted him. For many years after he left his home in the Eastern States he had been a humble follower at the tail of the crowd, one of that numerous class who have no marked originality either in virtue or vice. He had drifted aimlessly, just as the current set, from gold-field to lumber-camp and from city to wilderness, till he found himself one winter in the busy little town which is the capital of Vancouver Island.

There he met his fate in the shape of a florid young person who provided the music at a drinking-saloon. She was highly-coloured and by no means youthful, but her dashing airs brought her many adorers, whose gifts she never refused. Pete was dazzled, and lavished his gold-dust on her so freely that she viewed him with especial favour, and repaid him with many a wink and smile which the others did not see. Nevertheless in his absence she was always ready to make a joke of Pete's devotion; and when his last dollar was gone and no more gifts were forthcoming, she withdrew the light of her countenance from him. But he was infatuated and confident, and misunderstood her efforts to avoid him. He believed triumphantly that he,—the despised and bullied Pete, the butt of all the swaggering dare-devils about camp—was about to carry off this prize of a woman right out of their hands. So he waited patiently for his chance of an interview alone with her, and then declared his love and his plans.

"Marry *you*? A mean dead-broke devil like *you*?" the lady said. "And go up country, eh, and settle on a ranch? Oh! ain't it just grand! *Me* go on a ranch and spend my days slaving, with a shoal of brats like the rest of 'em, eh? Likely, ain't it? Think I'm a d——d fool like *yourself*?"

And then while Pete was still in helpless confusion she gave him the *coup de grâce*, with a vigour and malice which stung him to the quick.

"But I say now," she laughed. "Ain't it joy to think what fun the boys'll have when I tell 'em!"

Poor Pete! He spoke not a word, but stumbled out of the place dazed and dumbfounded. In an instant his rosy paradise had vanished; and in its place, what a prospect! The consciousness that he had been a terrible fool and had been grossly hoodwinked was enough in itself. But to think that his mates should know it! His courage gave way altogether as he thought of their boisterous laughter and the jokes with which they would salute him; and with a suddenness of resolve quite unusual to him he determined to slip away from the whole trouble while yet there was time.

So from that day his old haunts knew him no more. His disappearance, and the cause of it, served his old companions for the laughter and gossip of a day, but they soon forgot him. In Pete's mind, however, the dreadful sense of shame and abasement remained fresh long enough, and he spent his time on the out-lying frontiers of the settlements, where he rarely met any one except the old trappers and "moss-backs" who led hermit lives in the forest. He was troubled with a vague discontent with

things in general and with the sense of a purposeless future which had never before oppressed him. It might be because of this; or, more probably, because of one or two chance meetings with his old mates on their travels, whose recollection of his love-adventure was aroused by the sight of him, so that they made some casual playful reference to it, which served to renew Pete's aversion to their society; but whatever the cause, Pete suddenly determined to turn "moss-back" himself and have a home of his own in some place where he could live unmolested. He had learnt the features of the coast well enough, so that when it came to the choice of a locality he knew where to go to find a place to suit him. An old canoe, bought for a few dollars of the Indians, served as his vehicle, and bore his scanty belongings; and with this he passed over the still strait waters which separate the northern part of Vancouver Island from the mainland, and headed into a sombre fiord,—one of those narrow rifts by which the sea in so many places in British Columbia gains access into the heart of the Cascade range—and for two whole days toiled steadily along it.

Sometimes he passed through narrows where black rock-walls rose up on either hand and the confined waters foamed and ran with every tide like a swift river, and sometimes through wide lake-like expanses where the dark unruffled surface reflected back every torrent-streaked precipice of the great pine-clad mountains. And always the curves of the channel hid from him all except the little breadth of water which lay before and behind him, and always he seemed to labour on across an enchanted mere whose boundaries were ever receding. Not till the third day did he reach the head of the fiord. Here a little beach of shingle edged a platform of flat land, the product of the river which flowed down from the interior; and here a few canoes drawn up out of the reach of the tide showed the proximity of an Indian village.

Pete's wandering life had brought him into frequent contact with the coast Indians,—Siwashes, as he called them; and he had picked up, like all his mates, the simple Chinook jargon which serves as a medium of communication between the races. Therefore now, landing, he made his way to the collection of loose split-plank structures, which formed the *rancherie*, in search of information. The dark-skinned inmates received him with lazy, half-indifferent curiosity, and their transitory interest in him seemed to vanish altogether when they found he had no whisky and did not wish to barter. But they answered his questions willingly enough, and he soon got all the information he wanted.

However he rested there for the remainder of the day, and chose one of the shanties wherein to pass the night. This he entered uninvited, and flung down his belongings with a rude declaration that it was his will to sleep there. The inmates of the place silently acquiesced, and Pete paid no further heed to them. He took the warmest place by the fire, displacing his long-suffering hosts as he stretched himself at full length, and was soon soundly and noisily asleep.

The Indians shuffled aside, and dozed off in their corners,—all except one, whose bright eyes glittered like sparks whenever the fire flickered high enough to light them. The eyes were those of a young girl, and as she crouched against the wall she gazed steadily over her knees at the heavy unconscious form of the guest. Once during the night an old squaw who slept against the opposite wall opened her eyes and watched the girl for a moment, and then asked, in soft gutturals, "Why does my daughter look so long on the gray-face? Nay, but he is a stupid dog." But the girl gave no reply, nor did she move her eyes from the sleeper.

In the morning when Pete awoke he began to prepare his coffee, clattering his tins noisily. But scarcely had he commenced when the girl stepped

quietly forward, took the kettle from his hands and cooked his morning meal herself. He regarded her with lazy insolence, but was well pleased to be spared this trouble. Then, when he had eaten and gathered together his utensils ready for departure, the girl took up the greater part and bore them down to his canoe. Moreover when she found that the craft was grounded she waded into the stream, and, when he had taken his place, launched it with a vigorous effort into deeper water. For these attentions the only thanks she received was Pete's good-humoured remark as the skiff left the shore.

"Well done, Tawny-hide!" said he. "What's the good of Siwashes anyhow, if a white's got to slush along same as if there warn't any!"

The girl watched him out of sight, and, when she turned to go, found her mother standing beside her.

"Is this he, then?" said the old woman contemptuously, with a wave of her hand in the direction Pete had taken. "My daughter despises our tribe-men and repels them; it is a pale-face she will have then, she is so proud! She would be like her father's sister Chagwint, whom she loves, a white-man's *klooch*!"

But the girl made no answer and went quietly back to the *rancherie*.

Meanwhile Pete was forcing his canoe upward against the strong clear current of the river, driving before him innumerable salmon which furrowed the water in their hasty flight. So long as the rocky bluffs hemmed in the stream he pressed on, but when, after a few hours' hard paddling, he reached a place where the mountains fell back leaving a little bay-like flat of alluvial land between two high spurs which jutted upon the river, he drew up his canoe. Here amid thick-set spruce and pine, just where the flat land touched the rocky slopes, he set to work to make himself a home; and now during the daytime the silence of that forest was broken by the regular tap of his great axe on the trunks,

and at times by the splintering crash of falling trees. Here indeed his isolation seemed complete. Nevertheless not many days had passed before there came a visitor to his camp. It was as he sat eating his rough noon-day meal that the broad smiling face and squat rounded form of the Siwash girl emerged gently from the dusky shadows of the forest in front of him.

"Hello, Si!" said he. "What do you want here?"

"Will you buy salmon?" asked the girl with a laugh, as she threw three or four dried fish at his feet.

Pete's stock of provisions was running low, and he was not sorry for this chance to renew it without the trouble of hunting, and a simple barter was soon arranged. But the girl seemed in no hurry to leave, and even when Pete had resumed his work she stood some time watching him. He, on his part, took no more notice of her; and by and by she was gone.

But this visit was the first of a series, and she brought more fish than Pete could get through. Nor was it her anxiety to trade which brought her, for frequently she would take no payment. Moreover she was always ready to help the man in any task which strained his strength, and he found her aid really invaluable in placing the heavy timbers of his hut. Indeed, Siwash though she was, he had got rather to enjoy her presence in the clearing, for, to tell the truth, he had already begun to find the solitude of the place more profound than he had foreseen.

Whereby it naturally came about that when the hut was finished and rendered habitable, it had two occupants, and one was the Siwash girl.

II.

TEN years in a city is the sixth part of a lifetime; but ten years in a forest of ages,—what is it?

The seasons have come and gone, and the winter snows have crept down over the pines from the mountain tops to

the river, and then have vanished and left no trace. Under the trees a shadowy silence that takes no note of time broods over the earth. But the clearing on the Tukamunk has grown every year a little wider and a little brighter and more homelike; and the man has passed his prime and is growing grizzled and stiffer; and his partner is no longer a round-limbed girl, but a strong-framed, angular, and somewhat ungainly woman. There is live-stock on the clearing too,—some oxen in the pen, and pigs and poultry stalking solemnly about, and a dog stands watching near the door. Altogether the place has become the home of a man; but the forest which hems it in is as savage and intractable as ever.

Pete seems for the most part passively and contentedly to have accepted his fate, and his days go quietly round as in a smooth eddy. He has a vague indefinite pleasure in the knowledge that this place is his home, and beyond that it is only occasionally that there is anything to cross his mind or trouble him. His partner is active and energetic, and he willingly leaves the details of their daily life in her hands. She is full of a wisdom which her people have learnt through ages of hardship, and knows far better than he how to wrest their necessities from forest and flood. It is she, too, who arranges the terms of profitable friendship on which they live with their only neighbours, her tribe at the *rancherie*. She has indeed been to him a protector and preserver, and without her he could scarcely have held ground in this place.

Wherefore no doubt he is grateful? It may be; but he gives no sign of it. He accepts her service thanklessly, as the birthright of his race; he treats her always as though she had neither feeling nor sympathy, a mere domestic animal whose toil he can command at pleasure. But she heeds it not,—is perhaps unconscious of it, since such is the only code she is acquainted with. What she knows, and feels, and rejoices in, is that this man, of a higher

race, is hers, hers by tribal rites that are sacred and binding. The envious and jealous ones at the *rancherie* may boastingly affect to deny his superiority; but she knows that the knowledge of it lies deep in the hearts of them all, and that they look up to her as one who has risen to a higher sphere. Thus her longing ambition has been fulfilled, and she labours on proud and contented. This coarse and awkward man is for her the type of his race.

They have lived all this time alone. Once or twice for a short space the faint cry of a child was heard in the hut, but the conditions did not favour such tender life, and the cry was soon hushed, and the mother silently dug a tiny grave under the huge pines.

Yet Pete's isolation has not been quite unbroken. After a time, as past memories faded, he had felt now and again a little impatient at the monotony of this forest life, and wished for society other than that of his Indian neighbours. Moreover he had secured a small store of pelts which he wished to barter for some needful goods and live-stock. Therefore he undertook a long canoe voyage to the mouth of the fiord, where a solitary lighthouse, standing on an out-lying island, marked the course of the coast-wise navigation. It also in some degree served as a trading-post, being often made a port of call by the sealers and trading schooners which passed it. The two keepers of the place welcomed Pete heartily, glad of the opportunity for companionship and gossip, and they readily arranged to procure for him the things he wanted.

Pete found this change so agreeable, that it was with quite a reluctant feeling that he left the place to return to his home on the Tukamunk. From that time his visits to the lighthouse became periodical, and he made them the medium of a profitable trade in pelts which he collected from the Siwashese. In this way he managed to keep in touch with his old life, hearing at the lighthouse all the news of the coast, and sometimes even meeting there an

old acquaintance returning from some prospecting expedition. In this way, too, Pete's whereabouts and his mode of life became known to his companions of the past, and thus it happened that once or twice they used his house as a convenient resting-place in their adventurous journeys over new ground.

On such occasions the presence of the woman caused no surprise, being indeed no more than they were accustomed to in such places. But, as illustrating their sentiment, it may be mentioned that by a well-understood code she kept quietly in the background so long as the guests remained, cooking and serving for them and Pete, but neither eating nor sitting with them, for had Pete allowed this it would have been counted a serious breach of hospitality, almost amounting to an insult.

After these visits, and also after his voyages to the lighthouse, Pete was always rather unsettled and ill-tempered, and it generally took several placid days on the clearing to restore him to his accustomed state of lazy equanimity.

At first his journeys down the fiord were made alone but he found them very toilsome, and after a time was glad to avail himself of the woman's capable aid. When first she went he left her at the mouth of the fiord before he crossed to the station, disliking that the men should see the nature of his company. But in their rude society this feeling soon wore off, and he no longer sought to conceal his partner's presence till she became well-known to the keepers. Thus they came at last to regard these voyages together as part of their regular life, and undertook them at stated seasons. Both enjoyed them, though from different reasons, Pete because they afforded him change and relief, and Si because not only did she thereby avoid a temporary separation to which she was averse, but also because she was able proudly to display herself in her post of honour in full sight of her

tribe as they passed the *rancherie*. These were, perhaps, her happiest moments.

III.

MANY a voyage 'up and down the inlet did they make before the event occurred which brought a sudden crisis in their lives.

This event was the arrival at the lighthouse of a letter for Pete. "Revenue-cutter left this last time she called," the lighthouse man said as he handed it to him. "Guess it's from the old folk, eh?" Pete showed no sign of elation at receiving it, and handled it clumsily as one unused to grasping matter so thin. He spelt laboriously through the address *Mr. Peter Warlow, it read, living near Indians, Tukamunk River, British Columby; to be left at Ilwacit Lighthouse till he calls*. There was no mistake, the letter was meant for him. He recognised the writing too; it was his mother's, and he wondered uneasily how she had learnt where he was. His recollections of home were not particularly pleasant. After his father's death, which occurred while he was quite young, the management of their farm had passed into the hands of a married elder sister and her husband, with whom he could never agree. He was no favourite, not even with his mother. As he grew up to take his share in the work, whatever went amiss on the place was laid to Pete's account, till he turned sullen and morose under their continual upbraidings; and when at last he rebelled and broke away, he left much ill-will behind. Hence his communications with the home-folk, always rare and unfrequent, had soon dropped altogether. For many years now he had heard nothing from them, and thought, if he thought at all on the matter, that they had forgotten him.

Pete stowed the letter away, and did not touch it again till he and Si were well on the return journey with only the cliffs and forests of the narrow inlet about them. Then, dropping his

paddle, he drew it forth and broke open the wrapper. As he did so a sudden flush came to his face as, half angrily and half-ashamed, he realised how far he had drifted from the ways of his kith and kin. He felt almost as if they were gathering round him again even here to torment him in their old fashion with petulant scoldings and complaints, which this time his conscience told him he deserved.

His embarrassment did not escape the notice of the woman as she sat steadily paddling in the stern, and she asked abruptly, "What is that?"

"A letter," answered her companion in English, for Si had learnt to understand his language and he would not lower himself to use another to her.

"Who sent it?"

"My people—'way East."

She watched him as he slowly worked his way through it and read from his face as he from the paper.

My dear Peter, [the letter began,] I spect you will be surprised to get this but Jim Connell come back this fall to see his folk and tell us he heard you was up country in Columby from a man as had met you at a lighthouse. There has been lots of changes in the township since you left so as you would hardly know it,—and then it went on to tell the gossip of the village and the family, and how times had been hard but they had managed to pull through fairly well, how his sister had lost two of her children in the fever, but had still five left who were strong and healthy and mostly at work now. Then it continued,—Our Davy is always pesterin us about lettin' him come West, havin' foolish ideas about fightin' Indians and such but his father and mother and me all says we's rayther die than see it; one in a family is enough disgrace and I must say Peter I never thought it on you with your rearin', Jim says you've taken up with a nasty black Indian squaw, which the same is as as low as anything can be and not been done by a Warlow before and I hope never will agin. What a blessin your poor father was took when he was, how he would have took on about it, and

I do wonder Peter you havent knowed better than disgrace us all like this and that is why I wrote to tell you. It may be all right for you out West but right here its different I can tell you and has ben well talkd about in this township and some people as we hate as took to pityin' us about it and the parson said some-thin' at meetin' last week that everybody thought meant you about awful sinners and hell fire, and so hopin you are well as this leaves me no more at present from youre lovin mother — Sara Warlow.

As Pete read this a terrible sense of abasement seized him, as it had seized him once before, and for some time he dared not lift his eyes. When, at last, he glanced uneasily across to the silent woman in the stern, he caught her keen watchful gaze upon him and flinched under it. Then, turning, he took up his paddle, and made the boat leap under the angry vigour of his strokes. Si noticed his behaviour with vague alarm, but she asked no further questions, and they sped along for mile after mile with no sound save the drip of water from the paddles and the swish of wavelets under the prow.

The unpalatable words of that letter had banished for ever the man's peace of mind. The more he ruminated upon them the bitterer they tasted. Moreover they had struck a chord which had been feebly vibrating within him a for some time. The feelings which had prompted him to betake himself to the solitude of the Tukamunk had died out, and he knew now that the dullness of the forest had grown irksome to him. And his conscience had never quite accepted the presence of the Siwash woman under his roof, for he knew that he had never intended that the tribal rites he had gone through with her should be binding upon him. He felt that it was only his magnanimity which permitted her presence in his hut so long; and sometimes, when the vague notion that he might some day wish to break away from his present mode of life had presented

itself to him, he had realised, with no little irritation, that the woman's position would be a serious restraint upon him.

Therefore now, after trying in vain to counteract the sting of his mother's reproaches by telling himself that the folk East had nothing to do with him here, where he might live as he best pleased, his resentment blazed out against the woman who was the unconscious cause of his disgrace. All day long he brooded and fumed in silence, and reached the place for their night's encampment in an extremely vicious temper, which he was careless to conceal. But Si, though jealous and distrustful of the letter, was too familiar with his curses and his ill-natured behaviour when things went amiss to be at first seriously disturbed, and she went calmly and phlegmatically about the business of the camp without heeding him. She showed indeed at all times small respect for his moods.

So she prepared food and set it before him, and they ate their evening meal. But when Pete's viciousness continued even after he had eaten, she was alarmed and began reluctantly to recognise in him a tone to which she was a stranger. At last she lost patience and retaliated, and then the man, glad of the excuse, gave full vent to his violence. But she met him with a cool, firm front that maddened him, till, quite beside himself with rage, he raised his arm to strike her. In an instant his wrist was grasped with a restraining grip that he could not shake off, and in the brief wrestle to free himself he found the woman was his equal in strength. Then he foamed and shrieked, and said what in a soberer moment he dared not.

"You black-faced she-wolf!" he shouted. "Ain't it damnation enough to live with you anyhow, without being told by my own flesh and blood that it's a disgrace I am to the family and the township? But I'll have no more of it! You'll go back to your thieving tribe, and that mighty quick; an'

I'll quit! D'ye think I'm goin' to be plagued this way, an' all on account of a d——d Siwash *klooch*?"

She saw he had spoken from his heart. Her hold relaxed and her hands dropped passively to her side. She seemed stunned; but Pete, looking up, saw an expression on her face which checked him even in the full enjoyment of his passion, and he wished he had said less. He turned away suddenly, muttering some words in a softer tone, but she paid no heed, standing motionless and statue-like. She was facing a grave eventuality. She had often vaguely feared it might some day happen, but now, all at once, it was actually threatening her, and close at hand. This man—the one great achievement and glory of her life, who was hers by every right and was acknowledged as hers by all her people, who was bound to her irrevocably, and she to him,—had said he would leave her; and she could not stay him. She had served him faithfully and laboured hard for him, but that mattered not, and she knew it. He would break all pledges and would return to the pale-faces,—perhaps even take a pale-face wife. And she,—she must go back alone to face the jeers and taunts of all her people, as one who had been outwitted and disgraced. Should she suffer this then, at the hands of this man? Though she loved him and honoured him, she had long since discovered that he was her inferior in everything save in race, and had come to think of him as one whom she could sway at will. Yet now, with one sudden bound, he seemed to have passed completely out of her power. And what should she do?

She stood so long motionless that Pete grew quite uneasy and tried to disturb her by fidgeting with the fire. Finding this of no avail, he affected to ignore her. He spread his blankets by the fire and stretched out at full length for his night's rest: he even professed to close his eyes; but it was the merest pretence, and he was in reality watching her anxiously.

Her fierce eyes were bent upon the flame of the fire as though she sought some guidance in it, and it seemed hours before she stirred. But at last she suddenly found the solution she had waited for. Stepping silently nearer to the recumbent man she stooped down, and lightly and deftly took up a handful of glowing embers from the fire. Her eyes were fixed steadily on his, and he started up, thinking for a moment that she was about to revenge herself by throwing the coals upon him. But she drew herself up stiffly to her full height, and slowly and deliberately scattered the burning fragments along her own extended bare left arm. She never flinched nor shifted her eyes from his, while the cinders seared her flesh and her face preserved its expressionless stolidity.

Pete watched this rite, if rite it was, without in the least comprehending it; but he was thoroughly scared, remembering the many strange tales he had heard of the power of Indian medicine, and he wished himself anywhere but in this dark forest with this wild woman before him and the black gurgling water behind. Could it be possible he had lived familiarly for so many years with this ominous figure, —the very incarnation of untameable savagery? The effect of their long companionship had sunk in an instant, and a great gulf,—the gulf of their ancestry—separated them. He wondered what was to follow and nervously awaited her next movements. But when the embers had grown black and cold, she shook them off and sank quietly down by the fire as if to rest. Pete watched her warily for some time, till she had passed into profound sleep, and then he could no longer overcome his own weariness and slept also.

When in the morning they prepared to resume their journey, it seemed as though all memory of the passion of the night had passed away in the daylight. But red scars stood out vividly on the woman's arm.

IV.

WHEN they reached their home on the Tukamunk after this journey, the pair sank back into their accustomed habits, and everything apparently went on in the old groove. But the slender bond which had held them together was snapped; and each knew it though they spoke not of it, and the mind of each was busy with schemes. Pete's indolent negligence of past and future had gone, and in its place had arisen a yearning for civilisation, a consuming desire to get out of the gloomy forest, and away from this savage life. And along with this, the sense of restraint which the presence of the woman caused him grew constantly heavier, and he chafed under it. She on her part saw the evil day swiftly approaching when she might become "The white-man-departed-klooch," and have to face the savage malice of the discarded braves and envious women at the *rancherie*. And whenever she looked at the scars on her arm her face grew stony and expressionless.

Pete became conscious that he was suspected and watched, and the knowledge of this was the spur which his irresolute nature required. He determined to break away at once.

But many difficulties arose when he tried to plan how to carry out his purpose. He would vastly have liked to have gone openly and boldly,—to have told the woman of his intention and to have dismissed her to her tribe. Then he could have gone out with as much of his property as was portable. But he flinched at the very thought of having to face her in cold blood with such a declaration, and he knew moreover that he was powerless to assert his will if she defied him. No, not even though he should leave all his possessions behind, and thus make her rich in the eyes of her people, dare he tell her what he was about to do. He was perfectly well aware that hers was not a nature which could be bribed in this way.

The only plan he could hit upon was that of secret flight, and it fretted him to think there was no other way. What ! was he a nigger, or a Chinaman, that he should be held and watched by a d——d Siwash, and be obliged to slide like this ! When, too, it was a proper thing—a Christian thing—he was going to do ! He had no great stock of religion, but it was no use going to hell for certain and knowingly, and yet this d——d *klooch* would hold him and send him there ; and he was not to get away as he liked !

But in spite of much blustering soliloquy of this kind, he did prepare to slip secretly away. One route only was open to him, and that was by the river and the inlet, for the woods were pathless and impassable, a tangled mass of undergrowth and windfall, and the mountains around him were desolate and waste. Therefore he must travel by water, and the lighthouse must be his goal. Once there, he could readily find passage to civilised regions, where he could start life afresh. Had it not been for their recent visit he might have gone off easily by stratagem, under pretence of making the customary journey. But he knew that to suggest so unusual a thing as a second voyage now would be certain to increase the woman's suspicions, and he realised that he was no match for her in craftiness. So, thinking to take her quite unawares, he chose his time, and having ostentatiously proclaimed overnight that he should start early on the morrow for a long day's hunt on the mountain, he arose at grey dawn and went down cautiously to the river-side. Beside his gun and weapons he carried with him only his axe and one or two other easily portable things which he prized, and when his dog tried to follow him he turned savagely upon it, and, kicking it, sent it whimpering back. He soon reached the canoe, embarked, and pushed off with exultation into the swift stream.

But it had also occurred to some one else that the only way of escape for a fugitive was by the river, and that per-

son had taken steps to bar the passage. So that now, before he had gone many yards, Pete found the water pouring in upon him through a gaping chink in the bottom of his craft which had been carefully pegged open and lightly plugged with earth. Before he knew what he was about, the boat had filled and rolled over, and he was struggling for his life in the middle of the deep and rapid river. He was a poor swimmer at the best, and now, encumbered as he was with his hunting-belt and weapons, it is very doubtful whether with his utmost efforts he could have reached the shore. But scarcely had he uttered his first astonished cry for help, when a scantily-clad figure appeared suddenly on the bank, hung poised for an instant over the water, then plunged, and with a few easy strokes was alongside, buoying him up. They soon drifted to the bank and Pete dragged himself out, dazed but uninjured, a wretched dripping spectacle. Then he recognised in his rescuer the woman whom he had left, as he thought, fast asleep in the hut.

She led him back to the hut in silence and stripped off the heaviest of his soaking raiment. When he was seated comfortably before a roaring fire of pine-logs, she asked abruptly, "Where were you going ?"

"To the lighthouse," was Pete's surly reply.

"Why ? It is not yet your time for it."

At first Pete deigned no answer. His anger was boiling at the whole affair, and especially at the loss of his gun and tools which had vanished in the river, and this questioning was the last straw. But the woman quietly persisted, and repeated her inquiry.

"H——! To please myself," said he savagely, at last.

"Aha !" continued the woman. "How long would you have stayed ?"

"Until you were dead ! D'ye hear me !—dead,—dead,—you black witch, you !"

That was the answer she got, and those were the only thanks she received for saving his life.

V.

THERE was no help for it now, and no need for concealment. Pete sat sullenly over the fire, a prisoner whose sole hope and aim was to make a speedy escape. And the woman who moved about the hut with hard impassive face was his jailer whose determination it was to prevent him. A stern resolve that he should not go was her one fixed thought. She had vowed it from the first, and the red scars on her arm shone redder in token. Yet how should she hinder him? His boat was gone, but he could steal another from the *rancherie*, or could frame some raft which would float him beyond her reach. He might even in his obstinacy take to the forest, and run the chance of forcing his way through.

There was indeed one way to stop him. "Is it to be?" she muttered as she thought of it. Far better that she should have left him to drown in the river; but that act of hers in saving him was instinctive, she could not help it. Instinctive too was her sudden tenderness when Pete bared his forearm and showed a bleeding wound which he had received from his axe in his struggle to save himself when the canoe upset. He had frequently before had recourse to her skill in healing such hurts, and was glad enough now to let her dress it, which she did carefully and speedily. And she immediately set about to prepare a soothing poultice which should relieve the pain.

Like all the women of her tribe, she was learned in the properties of herbs and shrubs both beneficent and baneful, and she kept a store always by her in the hut. She resorted to this store now, and began to select from among the heap of dried plants. As she did so a sudden impulse struck her which caused her to pause awhile. For a moment she was undecided; then she put aside the herbs she had already taken, and chose others. There was a slight tremor in her hand in doing this, but her face remained fixed and im-

passive as ever. It required dexterous and repeated manipulation to extract the virtues of these herbs, and as she held her pan over the glowing log-fire, with the glint upon her swarthy face, she looked more witch-like than ever.

But when the poultice was at last prepared, and deftly applied, Pete found the relief so immediate and so grateful, that he was constrained to mutter his surly approbation. And this kindness, perhaps because she had long been strange to it, brought quite a spasm of feeling into the woman's face. Indeed at this moment there seemed to be more sympathy between them than at any time since their memorable visit to the light-house.

No doubt it was because of this encouragement that the woman was so assiduous in her attention to Pete's hurt. Several times during the day did she examine it and renew the dressing. Her treatment was so successful that next morning the cut had almost healed. Nevertheless Pete felt dull and oppressed, and he hung heavily about the hut all day. He blamed the chill he had got when in the river, and the woman told him he must take care and keep quiet if he would ward off a more serious attack; no doubt with another day's rest he would be himself again.

But another day found Pete worse instead of better. His wounded limb had suddenly become inflamed and swollen, and gave him intolerable pain. Moreover a high fever was evidently raging in his blood. He sat close over the fire with shivering frame and chattering teeth. His mind was filled with gloomy forebodings. Was it chills and fever, or what was it? Long before night he was too weak to hold up any longer and was glad to lie down in his bunk. There he lay, moaning and tossing restlessly from side to side, feeling his utter powerlessness. His thoughts wandered anxiously from one thing to another, and suddenly he lighted upon a dreadful presentiment which completely unnerved him. He

started up with wild staring eyes and turned his trembling head towards the woman.

"Si!" he gasped. "Say, Si! You won't, will you, Si? Oh! do promise you won't!"

"What?" asked the Siwash quietly, turning to face him.

"You won't leave me, will you, Si? Oh! don't—don't leave me here alone!"

She made no reply, but she looked straight at him for a few moments with a look which was full of stern, reproachful meaning. He could not bear it: it roused his remorse; and he sank back abashed, and in torture. He forebore to toss about awhile, and tried to think. One awful memory he was conscious of, and tried to evade. But all to no purpose; strive as he would that horrible picture was always before him, and his mind would run in no other direction. He could think of nothing but the grim skeleton of a man lying wrapped in rotting blankets in a hard bunk like his own, with one bony arm stretched out as if in vain attempt to reach the rusty water-can upon the floor. That was what he saw once long ago when he and his mates had come upon a lonely log-hut hidden away, like his, in the wilderness. They had to push aside the brush and underwood which blocked the door before they could enter. He had not thought of it for years; yet now he could think of nothing else. Every forgotten detail came back with burning distinctness; he saw the charred wood on the hearth, the cooking-pots on the bench, the rusty gun,—everything. Horrible! Alone and unattended, when aid might mean life! Great Heaven! was that poor moss-back's fate to be his?

"For God's sake, Si, don't leave me!" he shouted out in agony. There was something so strange and so pathetic in the cry that his dog came trotting up to the door and looked anxiously within. But the woman's grave lips were firmly closed and no reply passed them. She moved to the sick man's side and gave him drink and

wrapped the blankets closer round him; but when he strove to lay his hot hand upon her to detain her, she slid away, and crouched on her low seat by the fire.

Night came,—a placid night, with many stars; and then a bright moon arose, striking dark shadows from the calm pines into the clearing.

The sufferer woke from fitful slumber and turned his heavy eyes to the hearth where the woman had sat. Instantly his eyes flew wide open, and with a violent effort he lifted himself to his elbow. She was no longer there! He spoke,—there was no answer. He shouted, then listened. There came back an echo from the woods, and then deep silence. He could hear the distant river, and the peaceful munching of his cattle in their stalls; but nothing else. He was going to shout again, but his voice failed him, and his eyes were riveted to a moving thing which he could see through the open door. It was beyond the moonlit space, among the shadows of the pines. It beckoned, and drew nearer. It crossed the clearing slowly in the full light of the moon and stood at the door of the hut, still beckoning. Then he found his voice and shrieked, but the skeleton was not stayed. It approached his bed; it grasped him. And then there came delirium and madness, and the quiet woods re-echoed with his wild ravings.

His shivering dog ventured unbidden across the threshold and ran forward to lick his outstretched hand, but shrank back sadly on receiving no touch of recognition, and lay trembling on the hearth.

Hours passed, and daylight came, and still the sick man tossed and raved, and still there came no Si to nurse him. Noon and there was no change, save that he had sunk now into an unwholesome sleep of exhaustion. Suddenly the dog sprang up and ran to the door, barking violently. There he became suddenly still, and trotted to and fro between the threshold and his master's bunk, with many signs of subdued joy and excitement, evidently expecting

that some one would follow him to the bedside. But no one came, and the dog stopped and gazed wistfully and doubtfully around for a few moments, and then once more curled up, puzzled and shivering, on the hearth, his furtive glances seeking now his master and now a little chink in the timbers of the walls.

Through that chink a bright eye gazed steadily upon the unconscious man. It was the woman who had returned. She had meant to stay away longer, but had found she could not. She did not come to help him; what she had done had been done deliberately, and had no remorse. She could kill this man; but she could not leave him. So she stood there, leaning against the wall of the shack for hour after hour. She stirred not, neither when the sick man's delirium raged high and his hoarse cries filled the air, nor when in lucid intervals she could just hear his faint and piteous appeal for Si to come and bring him water. Daylight faded and night came, and then the end drew near. The raving sank into restless muttering; and soon no sound was heard but the deep laboured breath of the dying man.

Then, and not till then, did the watcher quit her post. She went in and stood by the bedside, but the man lay prone with half closed eyes and heeded not. She stooped down and moistened his lips. He gasped painfully once or twice as if in an involuntary attempt to swallow, and his fingers clutched the blanket. Then his eyes slowly opened wide, but he saw nothing. The woman's countenance suddenly softened and her lips quivered convul-

sively. * She bent yet lower and gently kissed him. When she raised her head the savage look had left her face, and it was full of tenderness and sorrow.

She seated herself beside him, her head bowed upon her hands, and wept silently. All night, and all next day that crouching figure mourned beside the bunk; but when darkness came again she rose and left the hut. She went across to the enclosure of the untended cattle, and unbarring it drove out the animals and set them free. Then she returned, bearing straw and pine branches, which she heaped within the hut and prepared to light the funeral pile. She sought to drive out the dog, but the trembling creature crouched and crept from corner to corner under her buffets, and would not leave the place. So she left him to his fate and set fire to the straw. The dry pine-timbers of the building were soon aflame, and for a short space the dark ring of forest gleamed under the red glare. But by morning there remained nothing but a heap of smouldering ashes.

The woman went sadly back to her tribe. They asked her at first where the man was. But when with a stern look that closed inquiry, she replied "He is dead, and his house is burned," they sought to know no more. They knew that a tragedy had been enacted; but it sufficed for them that it was the White and not the Siwash who had suffered, and they honoured the woman accordingly. But she repelled all their advances,—dwelling scornfully apart, and thinking always of the man she had killed.

GEORGE FLAMBRO.